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OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Volume 14, Issue 3

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publisher of **On Our Backs**, **Girlfriends**, and **Inside Pride**
Publisher Erin Findlay
Editor in Chief Heather Findlay

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San Francisco, CA 94110
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Manuscripts, guideline requests, and letters to the editor should be directed to **On Our Backs** at the above address. The records required by 18 U.S. Code 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent Regulations 28 CFR, Ch. 1, part 75 with respect to this publication (**On Our Backs**) and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Heather Findlay, editor in chief, at 341 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110, and are available for inspections and review by the Attorney General at all reasonable times.

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On Our Backs (ISSN # 0890-2224) is published bimonthly by HAF Enterprises, LLC, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110. One-year subscriptions $34.95 (Canada add $10, other foreign add $15). Periodicals postage paid at San Francisco, CA. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to **On Our Backs**, P.O. Box 448, Mount Morris, IL 61054

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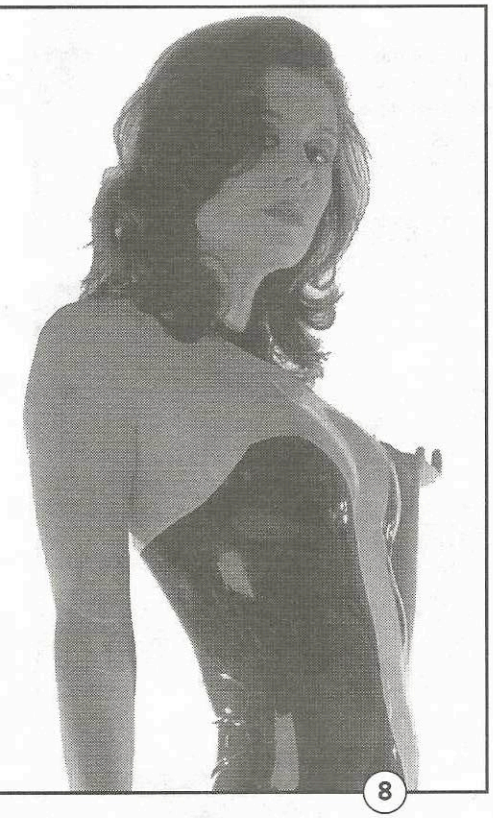
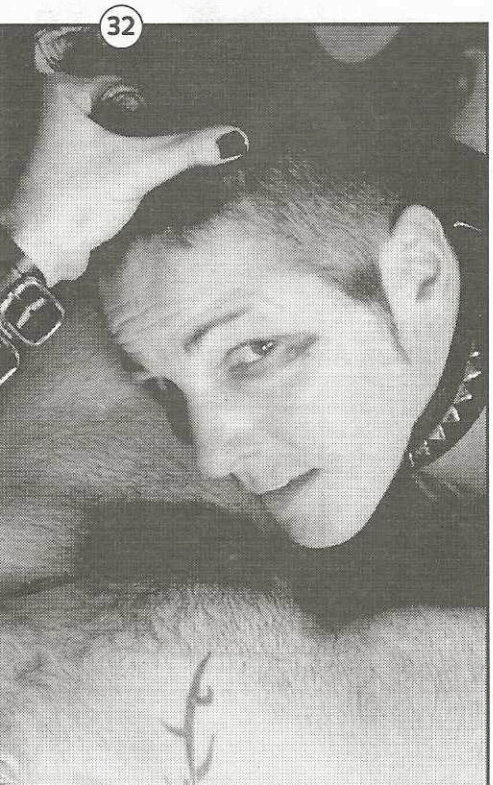
OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

October/November 1999
Volume 14, Issue 3

On the cover: Anne gets a hand.
Photo by Chloe Atkins.





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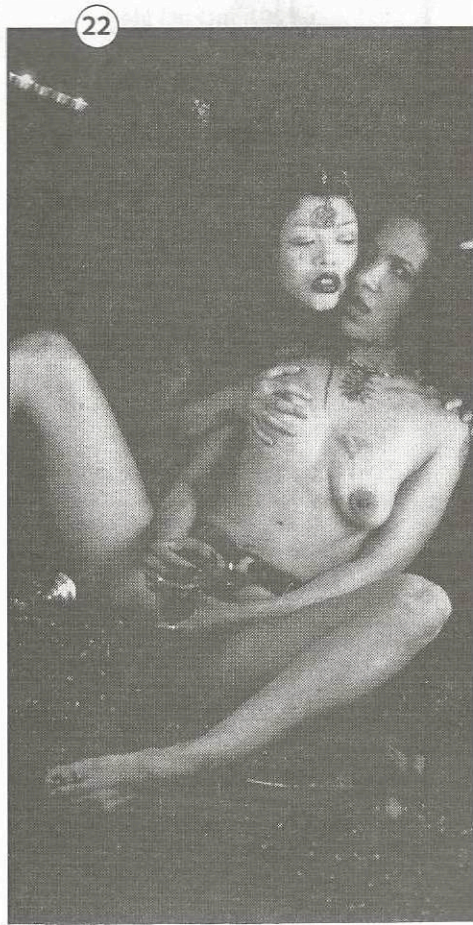
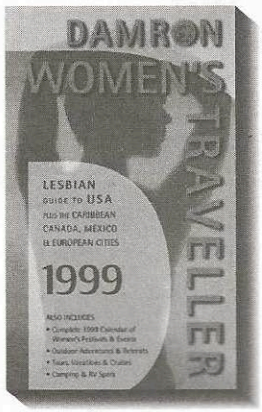


Whoever said lesbians are invisible has never travelled with us!



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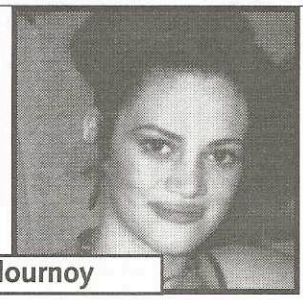
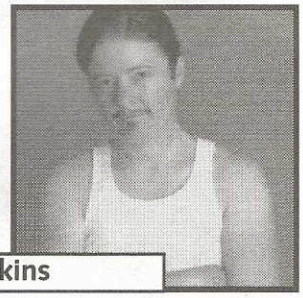


Kirsten Flournoy

Some fiction is truer to life than others. Author **Kirsten Flournoy** says of her story "Flowergirl" (page 38): "I wrote it in the throes of a mad crush on the hot little florist across the street from my office." Kirsten has recently completed her first novel, *Fresh Hell*, based on her experiences as a stripper in San Francisco. She currently resides in Denver, Colorado.

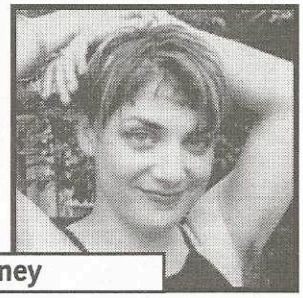
Michele Serchuk

"I introduced Sky to Mistress Marilyn at the Black and Blue Ball this spring, and they both decided on the spot that they wanted to do a shoot together," says photography associate **Michele Serchuk**. Of Sky and Marilyn's resulting scene ("Spirits Rising," page 22), Michele notes, "Sky will be the first to tell you she lives a vampire lifestyle." Michele lives and works in New York; her work has appeared in *Libido*, *Secret*, and previous issues of **On Our Backs**.



Chloe Atkins

Chloe Atkins last work for **On Our Backs** was her shower spread of Rocio and Melanie in our relaunch issue last year. This issue, she returns with a lush outdoor pictorial of Anne ("Climbing Ivy," page 16). "I just think Anne's a goddess. She's gorgeous!" Chloe describes her photography style as celebratory: "I don't do pain or anger. I take pictures of what I like to look at." More of her work can be seen in her collection *Girls Night Out*.

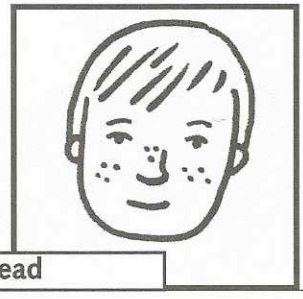


Ellen Forney

Seattle illustrator/cartoonist **Ellen Forney** is currently working on a paperback collection of her weekly comic strip, *Monkey Food: The Complete "I was Seven in '75" Collection* (Fantagraphics Books). Her comics have appeared in numerous publications, including *Dyke Strippers*, and her illustrations also grace the pages of Toys in Babeland's sex toy catalog and Web site. Ellen's "Happy to Be a Bi Dyke!" comic and bare-breasted photos appeared in **On Our Backs'** May/June 1994 issue.

Kristen Anderberg

Kristen Anderberg (aka Mother Zosima, aka Mama Sutra) promotes fat acceptance, adoration, and activism—sometimes in nun drag. "After eight counts of obscenity for radical/comedic street performance, I began to perform as Mother Zosima. I have not been arrested since I put on that habit!" In 1998, Mother Zosima expanded her educational performances into workshops as Mama Sutra Productions, which sponsors the 201 Club (for women over 200 pounds). Her special "How-To" appears on page 47.



Robyn Head

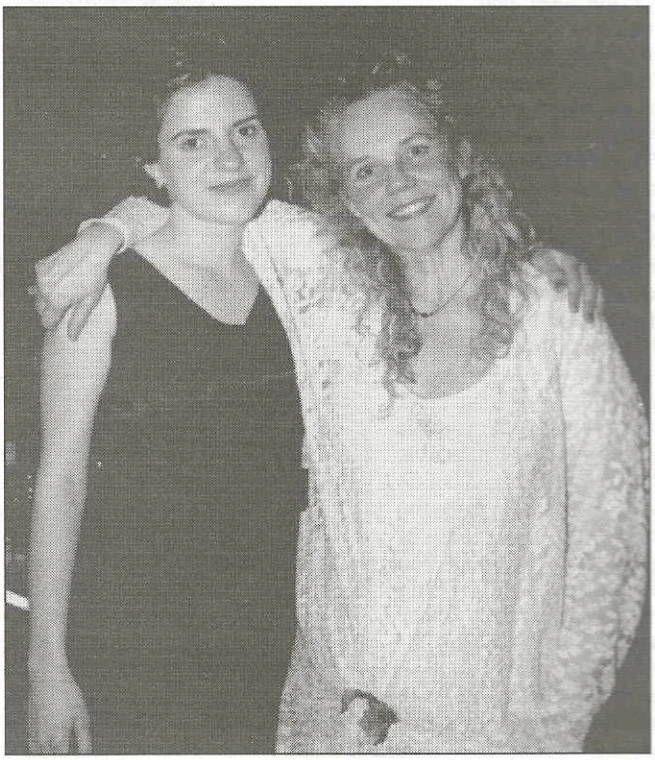
Always up for the chance to draw some ta-tas, **Robyn Head** tried her hand at illustrating the gyrating gypsies for our short story, "What They Do" (page 30). She spends her daytime hours managing ad sales for **On Our Backs**, but her free time is spent reading comics and scribbling odd characters on napkins.

from the editor

I recently bought a coffee mug for Lori with the words "oversexed, underlaid" emblazoned on the side, but I almost got myself one, too. I consider us both pleasantly "oversexed." It's the perfect word for my condition: I can never see enough naked bodies, or enough porn. Before I had a lover, I spent all my time in the bathroom, topless, staring at my tits in the mirror. Now, I get to look at other girls' tits all day—at least my father will be glad that I've given up hogging the bathroom!

Similarly, as I get older, I get more and more interested in horror. It seems that in this jaded year of 1999, any art form that elicits a strong reaction—be it fear, disgust, loathing, *or* arousal—must be doing something right. If a photo makes me horny, I appreciate it. If it makes me think the walls are bleeding (that was *The Shining*, remember?) I'm in awe.

Some believe that art that makes us afraid is morally wrong, and that we should feel only optimistic after seeing movies or reading stories. I understand the impulse—heck, I only like to listen to upbeat music. Still, I think the world is a scary place. I live in the city in a scary neighborhood; I often feel as though I live in a cheap horror flick. Watching horror movies is validating. It makes me feel like continuing to live in a scary world is possible—and that, often, is a beautiful thing.



From the Beast to the Beauty: no horror in sight when I met JoAnn Loulan, the most beautiful woman present at The National Center for Lesbian Rights' anniversary dinner.

I'm not the first to say it, but there's a similarity between horror and porn. They're both forms of expression that our culture trivializes, outlaws, and scapegoats. For the same reason that I don't believe SM or porn perpetuate sexual violence, I don't think horror perpetuates craziness in our culture. Our culture is already a crazy place. Art that mirrors this craziness, or expands on it, makes us better off, not worse. That's why I love Halloween—because it's the one time that it's okay for people to dress up like characters in their nightmares, watch slasher flicks, and generally have a laugh about all the evil in the world.

Another thing: Horror is sexually arousing. I've had the longest all-night fucking of my life on Halloween night. Your body creates similar physiological responses when you're scared and when you're sexually excited. And you don't need to be into SM to have this work. Just rent *The Godfather* with a lady friend. If you're not screwing by the end of the movie, I stand corrected.

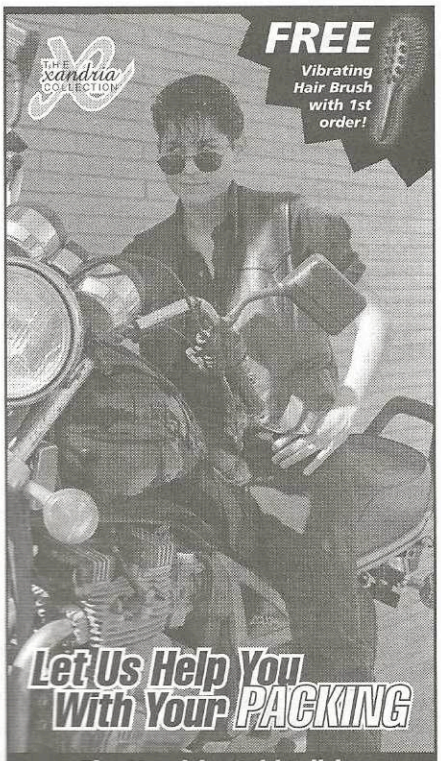
In this issue, we have a frighteningly gorgeous shoot of two angels of the night (see page 22) by Michele Serchuk. A few pages later, peek in on some hot tranny/dyke sex in a graveyard (page 32) taken from *Sex Flesh in Blood,* a brand-new movie by the talented porno maker Christopher Lee, as photographed by Splene. And you have to check out Anne Greenblatt on page 16. I, for one, will never look at ivy the same way again.

Happy Halloween.

Love,
Athena

Athena Douris, editor

CONTRIBUTORS:MICHELE SERCHUK BY J.R. LINDHOM / CHLOE ATKINS BY CHLOE ATKINS / ROBYN HEAD BY ROBYN HEAD



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letters

BIRTHDAY SUIT

I loved the photos that Laurence Jaugey-Paget took of the two in "Happy Birthday Bang" (June/July 1999). She was very lucky to have been able to shoot the pictures of those two sexy sisters!

Casey S.
Via the Internet

BETTY BUZZ

My body is still humming sweetly from the masturbation frenzy I went on after reading Adventure Girl's "Date With Betty Dodson" (May/June 1999). You see, I have this fantasy of having a one-on-one session with Betty myself! I was still grinning when I picked up the June/July 1999 issue and opened it randomly. To my clit-jumping delight, my eyes traveled over Sophie and Sam's cake-covered bods ("Happy Birthday Bang"). What I wouldn't give to lick the frosting off *those* spoons. **On Our Backs,** you have me drenched and devoted as usual!

Shelby G.
Via the Internet

GIVE ME THE DAGGER

Hi! I just wanted to say that after months of jerking off to your mag, I've finally found a wonderful girlfriend. Thanks for keeping me company during those lonely months!

P.S.: Could we please have more butch-on-butch stuff?

Name and Location Withheld

BI THE WAY

We object to Nina Hartley's suggestion to "Man Hungry" (Advice, February/ March 1999) that if you come out as bisexual, you are therefore potentially nonmonogamous. Some bi folks date nonmonogamously, but their decision to do so is incidental to their bisexuality. More importantly, for a lot of bisexuals, the expectation of nonmonogamy can be an uncomfortable stereotype. As Nina seems to understand, despite that unfortunate slip, the problems of Man Hungry's sexual orientation and her commitment to her girlfriend are two separate issues.

Lea P. and Rachel S.
Via the Internet

OUR LOVE IS A DRUG

You have caused quite a problem at my house. My girlfriend has become obsessed with the cover of your magazine. She had to rip off the front cover and hang it by her side of the bed. Please don't get me wrong: I enjoy the picture very much—just as I enjoy your magazine very much—but when your girlfriend puts it on every wall in your bedroom, even the most secure dyke can become a little self-conscious. Every other month I go to my mailbox shaking, dreading the arrival of your magazine, knowing that for the next two weeks I will not get a decent night's sleep.

Rebecca C.
Via the Internet

BLACK BALLED

For the most part, I truly enjoyed "On Our Backs" anniversary issue (June/July 1999). However, I take exception to one of Cindy Patton's comments in "Porn in Black and White." In her review of "Sista! An Afrocentric Production," Patton states, "I've seen this video in shops that have a primarily black clientele, so I imagine that the series (Sista 2 and Sista 3) has a black male following." Equating black clientele with black males only is extremely offensive. It is definitely ironic that an issue which contains the thoughtful comments of Barbara Smith would also display such a galling insensitivity to black women.

Audrey Tucker
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania

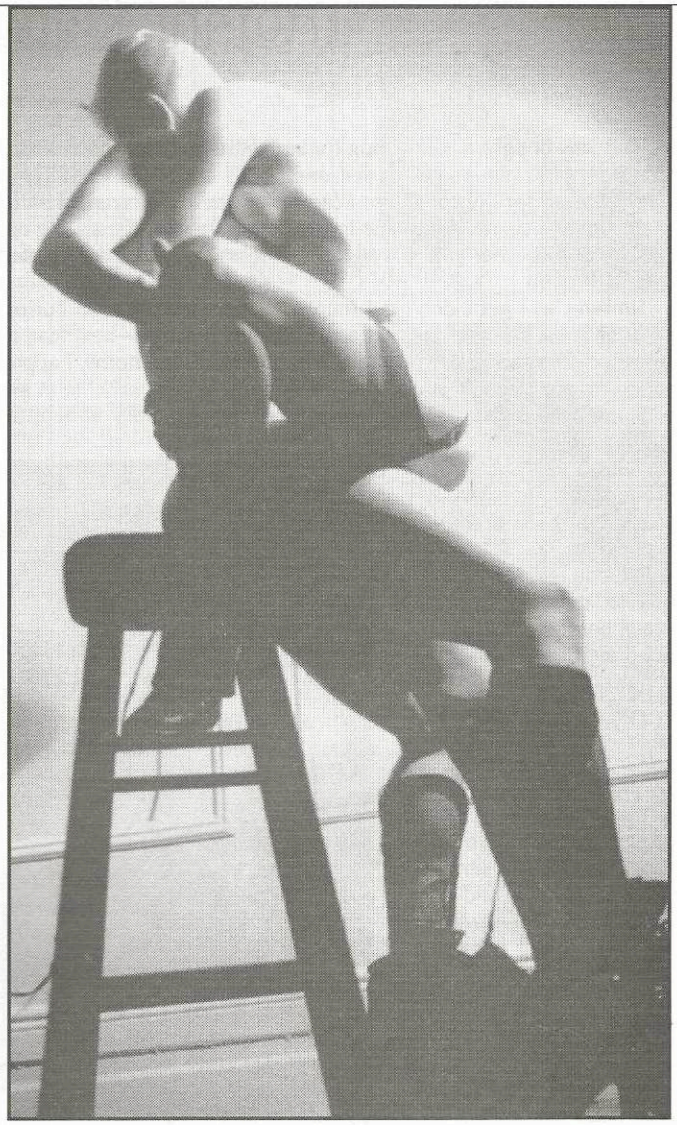
We're glad to see that **On Our Backs***' readers pay as much attention to the articles as to the pictures, but we're sure that Cindy was making a point about the race (not the gender) of the tape's market and meant no offense to the sista fans of* Sista 2 *and* Sista 3.

LETTER PAGE LOVELY

I loved your 15th Anniversary issue, especially the interview with Barbara Smith and "Thrift Store Boys." The pictorials were great, as usual, too. But the photo on the "Letters" page really caught my eye. This woman is beautiful, breathtaking! I can't keep my eyes off her! Whoever she is, I hope we get to see more of her in future issues.

Amy
San Francisco, California

The photo you mention was taken by Todd Butler, by the way, and (eager to please as always) we'll ask him for some more.



TRACY MOSTOVOY

HOT FROM THE BOX

I adore getting **On Our Backs,** and have learned a lot. Special kudos to you all for soliciting readers' opinions while not stooping to "the reader is always right" logic. The fiction is tremendous: I especially *loved* the sci-fi "Primrose Pilgrimage" in the anniversary issue, and the story about the pregnant woman buying a crib (May/June 1999) was so much. In the June/July 1998 issue, Wolfie and Aris are so into each other I'm surprised you aren't worried about spontaneous combustion in the mail. It's a real turn-on to see women of different sizes together.

DHB
Oakland, California

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"I WAS SHOCKED-REALLY!"

by Tristan Taormino

WHILE "CLOSER TO GOD" BY NINE INCH NAILS WAS BLARING IN THE SMALL, SMOKY CLUB, I SLINKED DOWN THE BAR, DRESSED IN A BLACK LATEX MINI-DRESS SHINED TO THE MAXIMUM EXTENT OF THE LAW. EVERYWHERE I LOOKED THERE WERE BUTCHES IN SUITS, LEATHERDYKES, AND LINGERIE-CLAD GIRLS. I TOYED WITH THE ZIPPER OF MY DRESS, WHICH RAN FROM MY CLEAVAGE TO BETWEEN MY LEGS. FINALLY GIVING IN, I STRIPPED DOWN TO A PAIR OF SEVEN-INCH HEELS AND A FIRE-ENGINE RED DICK IN A RED SPARKLY HARNESS.

Jenna, clad in a black vintage bustier and red plaid Catholic schoolgirl skirt, kneeled in front of me and took my dick in her mouth. Her perky bobbed hair bounced freely as the red cock disappeared in the O her lips formed. I pushed her back, grabbed the cock, pulled it out of the harness. Then I dangled it enticingly in front of a cute cowboy butch who graciously took it in her mouth.

Jenna handed me an identical red cock, this one rigged with a metal wire running through the middle of it. The tip of the wire was covered in alcohol-soaked cotton. I slipped it through the O-ring of the Wonder Woman harness. With the strike of a match, the end of the cock burst into flames. Then she got down on her knees again. In one motion, she deep-throated the cock, swallowing its flaming head to the amazement of onlookers.

Her fiery red hair is a perfect match to her fetish; Jenna loves fire. And the hot blow job number was just the beginning. Later, she used two wire-and-cotton torches to seductively run flames along her arms and stomach. She deep-throated the torches, just like the dick, all to Eartha Kitt purring, "I'd rather be burned as a witch, then never be burned at all..." She told me that the torches actually do scorch her and proudly showed me the little red bumps forming on her creamy freckled skin. She smelled vaguely burnt.

The fire was just a prelude to another sizzling act: electricity. I've only done electricity play once, with a TENS unit, an electronic device that sends currents through the skin to stimulate sensory nerves in the skin. Medical TENS units were originally designed for people suffering from certain injuries and chronic pain; kinky people have borrowed them for their tingling sensation. The TENS unit, even in the context of a scene, still reminds me too much of my trips to the physical therapist as a child equestrian with bad knees.

Illustration by Zanne Prudhomme

I'd never played with Violet Wands before, and the idea was for Jenna, my friend Rachel, and I to do a demo with one. The Violet Wand certainly is violet, but not much of a wand. It looks more like an old-fashioned set of clippers, with a hole at one end for various attachments, an on/off button, and a dial to control the intensity of the charge. Funny, there was no indication on the dial which way was up and which way was down—a masochist must have thought of that.

Like the TENS unit, Violet Wands were developed as a medical tool, but it's not clear what they're supposed to cure. Most of the Violet Wand's attachments are glass, gas-filled bulbs (in the shapes of a pronged rake, a medium and large glass ball, and a silver-dollar sized knob). When the bulb comes in contact with the skin, a glowing violet spark appears—that's how it got its name. As the bulb gets near, the spark jumps from the bulb to the skin, and you feel a hot, buzzing, tingling kind of shock; if it is pressed against the skin, the violet spark still shines but the shock is gone. There's another attachment that you can tuck into your clothes which turns you into the voltage conductor—the spark comes right out of your fingers and shocks whatever you touch.

Jenna liked the rake attachment with the three prongs, and Rachel opted for the small knob that looked like a vibrator attachment. I went for the large glass ball, which looked like a crystal ball or one of those static lamps. We ran a shock down our arms and legs, zapped nipples, even sent some voltage to clits and pussies. It felt like a quick shock and prickly heat on the skin, a buzz dragging across flesh; to me, it had all the erotic charge of running into a bug zapper. But the party-goers were really into it, so we encouraged them to join in.

When one girl got her hands on the wand, she enticed her cohorts to try it out. Another woman, rumored to be a lesbo virgin, pulled her pants down as two goth girls went to town—one wand on her nipples, another on her clit. She gasped and groaned with each zap. Other women pushed their shirts up, ready to try the fascinating feeling. It all broke loose then, women with shirts slid up, nipples poking out of bras, pants pushed down, undies shed, bare skin glowing and sparking. There were hands on breasts, wands on hands, fingers brushing across stomachs, buzzing and zapping, legs intertwined, and violet sparks flying everywhere.

My foray into electricity land made me realize I'm just not into electricity; fire play, while still scary, is more intriguing now that I've met someone who sets her own pussy on fire and loves it. Oh, and one more detail, girls. You can see the adventure on HBO's Real Sex–this little party was caught on film!

Every issue, Adventure Girl sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs,** 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail staff@gfriends.com.

Sleek and See-Through

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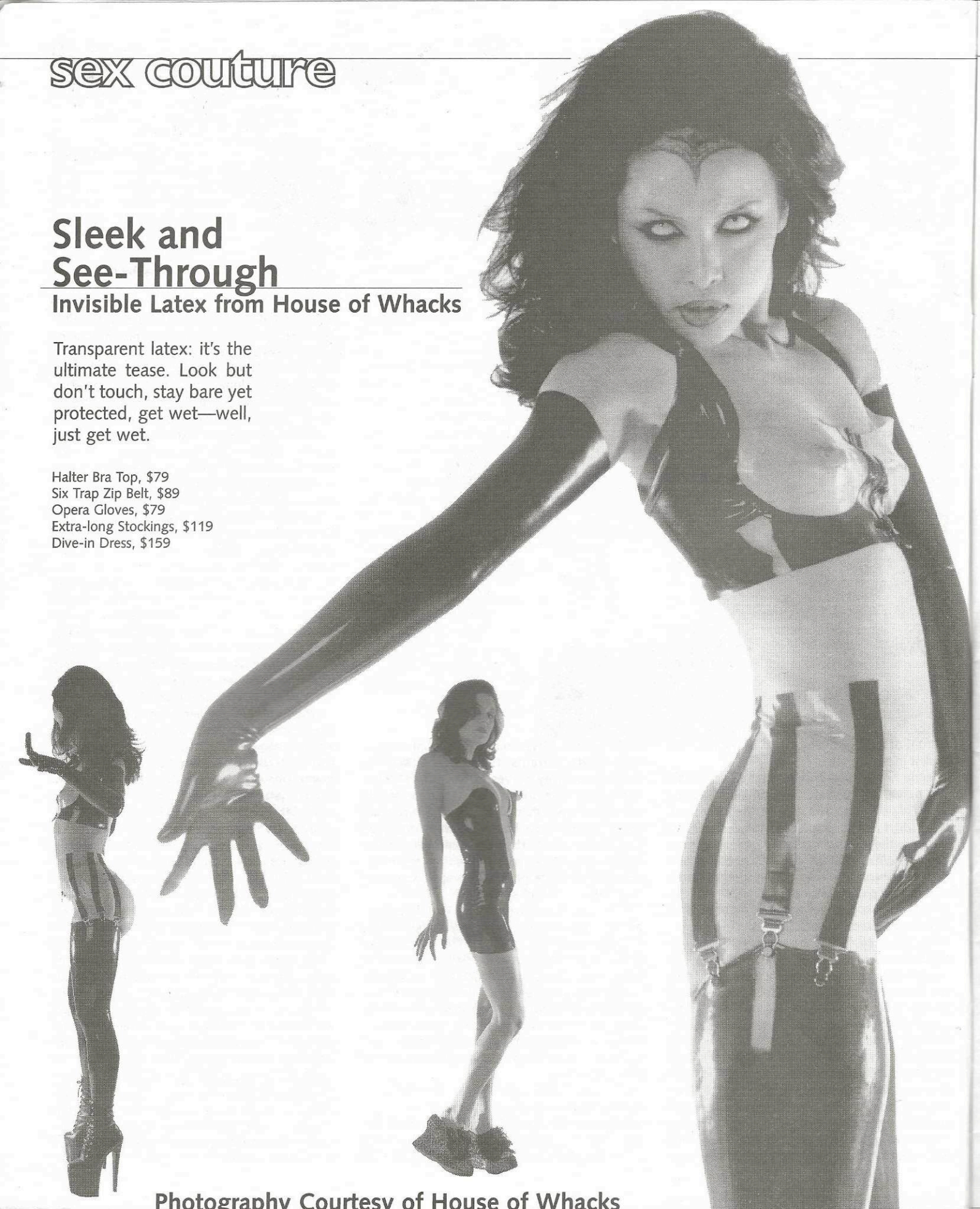
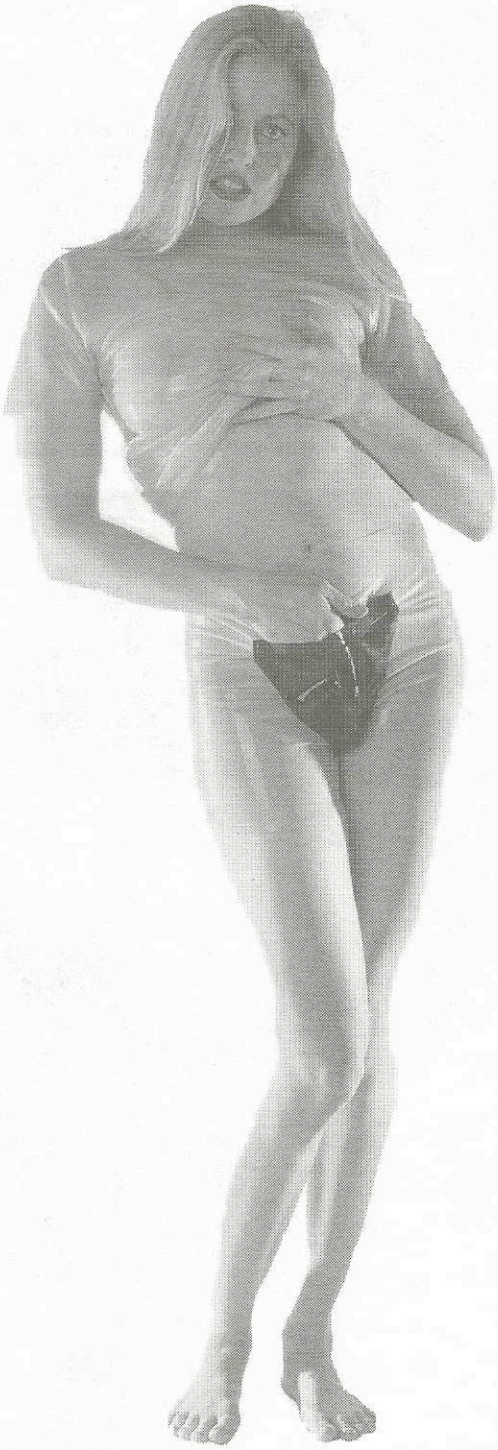
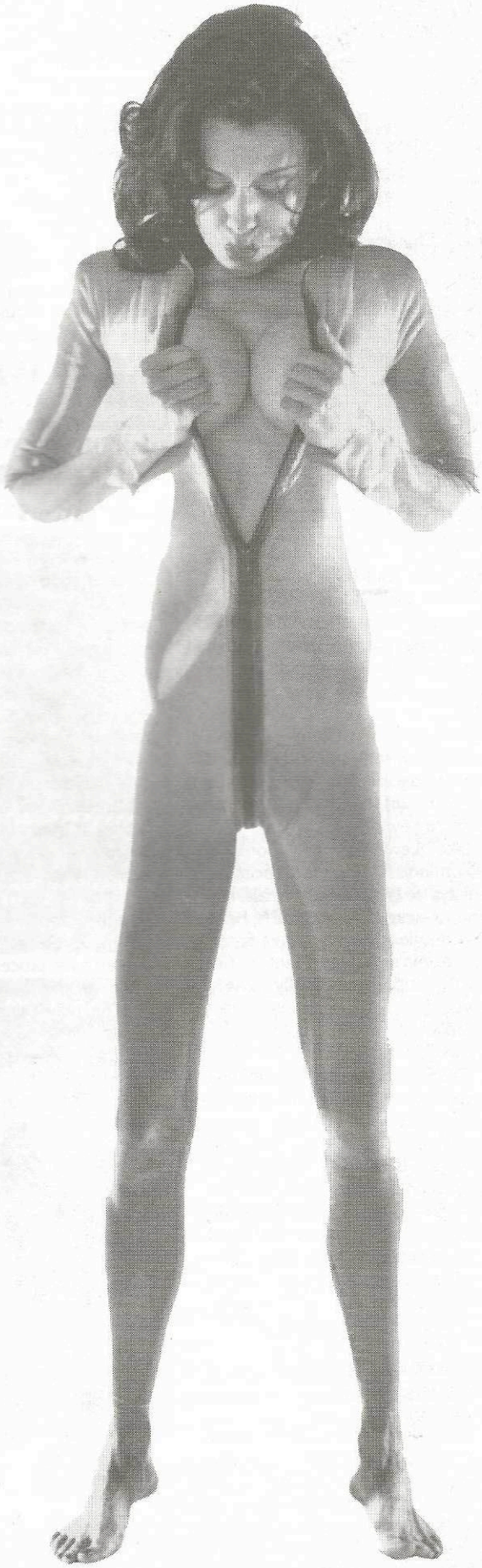
Opera Gloves, $79
Extra-long Stockings, $119
Dive-in Dress, $159



Photography Courtesy of House of Whacks

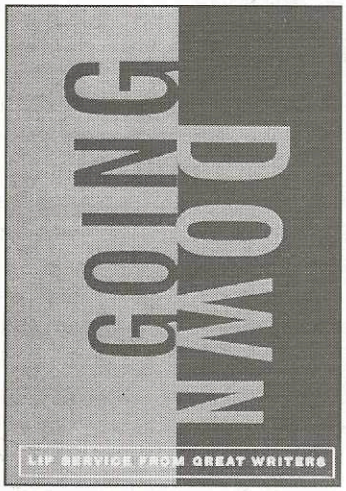




Short-sleeve Tee, $89
Codpierce Cycle Shorts, $129
Zip Catsuit, $339

Fashions courtesy of House of Whacks•3514 North Pulaski Rd.•Chicago, IL 60641•773-725-9132•fax 773-725-9137

read it



Going Down: Lip Service From Great Writers

(Chronicle Books)

"Here's selective morality; it's not really adultery if we didn't go all the way," writes novelist Jill Robinson in the delightful chapbook, *Going Down*. Sound familiar? Chronicle Books brings you a pocket-size tome extolling the virtues of oral sex. Even if the timeliness of *Going Down*'s release wasn't so acute, you'd still recognize numerous traces of our infamous lip servicer Monica Lewinsky.

Like Lewinsky, the book is voluminous and provocative, always sexy (after all, Anais Nin and Oscar Wilde both have contributions); alluring (like Susan St. Aubin's lesbian-themed fiction); and occasionally goofy (even if advice columnist Anka Radokovich doesn't compare to these great writers).

Two big mistakes in the volume come from including only a quote from Rita Mae Brown, while including Dan Anderson and Maggie Berman's out-of-place instructional piece "Sex Tips for Straight Women from a Gay Man." I imagine most readers will have trouble moving from John Updike's teasing literary vignette to such *Cosmo*-worthy schlock. **dam**

Grade:

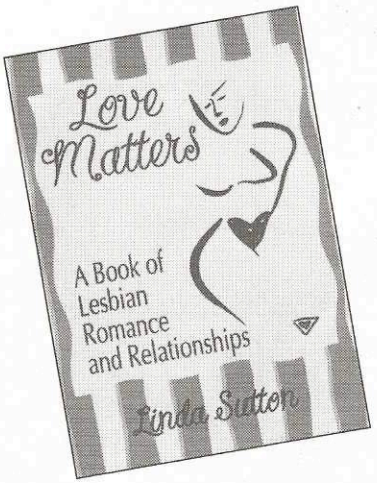
A Part of My Life

Marianne Müller

(Scalo Press)

Be warned: *A Part of My Life* is not a book of fine-art nudes. Rather, it's intended as a "slice of life" document about Marianne Müller's everyday existence, and as a challenging artistic project (both for artist and audience). These photos are quiet, ordinary, and yet quite intimate and raw—even uncomfortably so. That's the point, no doubt. Self-portraits (of Müller masturbating, bathing, dressing, undressing) and shots of Müller's friends are juxtaposed with unmade beds, piles of laundry, houseplants, and local landscapes. I would have liked some more explanatory text, at least an introduction, rather than the unmitigated starkness of the photos alone, but for Müller's unflinching gaze, I'll make the sacrifice. **ls**

Grade:



Love Matters

by Linda Sutton

(Harrington Park Press)

As someone dealing with a recent lesbian breakup of the worst kind, the beginning of *Love Matters* really captured me. What could I have done to keep my relationship dynamic? Unfortunately, after Sutton's claims that all women love romance and need therapy, I lost hope of finding anything enlightening. By the fifth chapter I was convinced this book is more an ode to Linda and her wonderful girlfriend, Maureen, than actual advice for the rest of us. Each chapter has a question and an anecdote detailing problems Linda and Maureen have processed and why they have the best relationship ever. The only thing worse than dealing with your own relationship traumas is being subjected to another couple's dramas. If you feel the need to get in touch with your inner child to resolve your relationship issues, this is the book for you. But for all you nonromantic, nontherapy-going, sex-driven single girls who aren't dating Maureen, remember, your love matters too. **lm**

Grade:

Neptune & Surf

by Marilyn Jaye Lewis

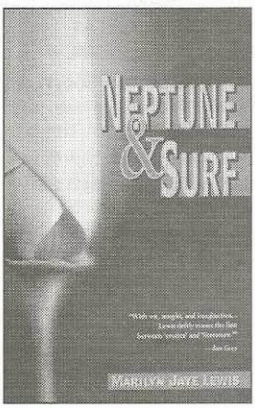
(Masquerade Books)

With three different stories covering most basic sex combinations, Marilyn Jaye Lewis has produced a well-written, plot-driven compilation of erotica. The title piece is a love story between a prostitute and a sailor set in Coney Island, with enough drippy love and good fuck scenes to get you wet and keep you happy. The next story, "The Mercy Cure," features lesbian nuns and some hot girl-girl punishment scenes that make a Catholic-school afterlife seem not so bad. The last is "Gianni's Girl," a straight-out-

A part of Marianne Müller

of-the-1920s mobster story, which I loved for the secret boy-on-boy-with-girl scene that takes the masculinity out of the typical goodfellas. Loads of hot sex and good writing—what more could you need? **cb**

Grade:

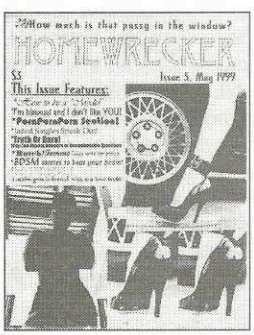


Homewrecker

The Nymph and Violet V., eds.

This is not your mother's sex 'zine, and that's a good thing. Edited by two dancers at San Francisco's Lusty Lady, this corner-stapled gem is packed with attitude. These girls give good text! *Homewrecker* gets extra kudos for presenting challenging, difficult content in an accessible and personable form. In Issue #5 (May 1999), Violet contributes an intense and profound personal essay, "Holocaust Research Horrors Sexualized to Distortion," and the Nymph provides some useful how-to tips on working as an erotic model as well as an insightful diatribe on the thorny territory between the labels "bisexual" and "lesbian." Plus, delightful photos, reader response, fiction, and how to make your period fun! Do what it takes (or send two bucks to 4096 Piedmont Ave. #269, Oakland, CA 94611-5221) to get your hands on this fabulous 'zine. **ls**

Grade:

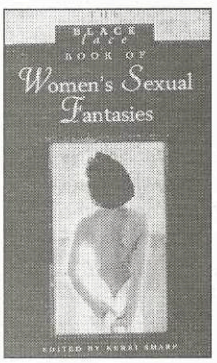


The Black Lace Book of Women's Sexual Fantasies

Kerri Sharp, Ed.
(Black Lace)

Sometimes, good intentions go horribly wrong. Take this book, for example—stuffed with hundreds of sexual fantasies, all right from the mouths of the girls next door. How could it not be an arousing read? I thought.

How wrong I was. With only an alias, age, and occupation to go by, there was no reason to become enamoured of any particular woman or her fantasy. Each account followed the same dreary



course, usually a mix of "I fantasize about women" (shocker!) and "I imagine being double-penetrated by two men" (no!). Now imagine such a tale multiplied by 500, one poorly-edited account after another, and you'll begin to understand exactly how tiresome sexual fantasies can get.

Further disappointing were Sharp's lackluster introductions to each section. And Sharp needs to find better entries for her "Totally Taboo" section: one incest fantasy and one of boys peeing? Cloistered nuns have done better research. **sf**

Grade:

Little Black Book

- = Wash your hair instead.
- = Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
- = One-night-stand material.
- = Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
- = Better than sex.

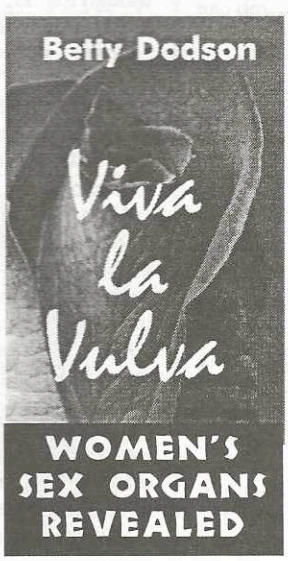
Review Staff

cb Cara Bruce
dam Diane Anderson-Minshall
lm Lindsay McClune
ls Lori Selke
sf Sue Fedich

Betty Dodson's Erotic Sex-Ed

Betty Dodson opens the doors to one of her pioneering two-day nude workshops. This Portrait is a daring and intimate expose of female masturbation with ten women sharing real orgasms. There's no faking it here. Just as amazing is the detailed examination of each women's genitals with the camera zooming in like an interested third party. Betty's celebration of female sexuality is intelligent, life affirming and down to earth. A one-hour color documentary filled with joy.

Celebrating Orgasm amazes by virtue of its simplicity. Both teacher and "big sister", Dodson shows each woman how to masturbate for maximum orgasmic results. The five women, ages 26 to 62, use vibrators, fingers, and dildos to reach orgasm while voicing their feelings and sensations. When the camera moves in for sharp close-ups, the resulting intimacy is extremely potent. Provocative viewing which is aimed at liberating female sexuality. One-hour erotic sex-ed.



Join Betty and ten other women to celebrate 25 years of her pioneering work to reveal the beauty of women's genitals. The group has gathered to honor women's sex organs with intimate images of their own vulvas. Hear women speak about the relationship they have with their genitals. Watch them prepare for their pussy portraits, then the actual photo session. Follow along as Betty guides the women through her ten suggested steps for genital self-massage. 1-hour erotic sex-ed.

SAVE UP TO $35.00! One video $39.95. Order any two videos for $67.00. Order all three videos for $92.00. Add $3.00 S&H (priority) to any order. Betty Dodson, Box 1933 Murray Hill, New York, NY 10156

NEW TRANS PORN

GENDER-BENDING VIDEOS FOR ONE AND ALL

by Cindy Patton

Tranny porn, along with tranny politics, has come a long way, baby. Once a highly stylized fetish for men who wanted to get fucked, but didn't want to be with men, exactly, the genre is now gender-bending, anatomy-defining, and hard core. If you thought anatomy was destiny, tune in to this pack.

Mighty Hermaphroditee

Totally Tasteless Video, 1998

Not to be left out of any possible market, the boys at TTV have copied the style of "by us, for us" independent porn. Here, two girlfriends discuss their porn viewing over the phone. One confesses that while she was turned on by watching "dicks that won't quit," she'd acquired an interest in the lesbian scenes, wanting to "see what it's like to have my tongue on a woman's pussy, but I don't want to be with a woman." Huh? Well, anyway, her friend recommends a friend—"he, she, whatever"—who can help her decide if she wants pussy or cock. He first asks her if she has ever fucked a man with a dildo, then says, "If I lay down on my back, you can fuck me as a woman; if I turn over, you can fuck a man. The choice is yours."

Rating:

She-Male Encounters

Metro Video, 1985

The drag queen, and in particular the Black Diva, figures importantly in the erotics of these classic pre-condom fuck films. The first segment, called "Black and White Caper," features a slightly wispy white waiter who complains to the black women he is serving that they aren't "ladylike." They retort that he is a "fucking white boy" and that they're going to "stick 'this' up your ass." The essence of this genre is that men who don't set out to get fucked, nonetheless are. The second segment concerns an encounter between two suburban housewives, one of whom has a dick. Here and in all of the tranny videos, new and old, the stereotypical gendering of the orgasming face (she: melting in ecstasy; he: grimacing at the effort of unloading) says a lot about who is supposed to be what. The tranny girls all melt when their big dicks cum.

Grade:

Cocks in Frocks

Totally Tight Video
(aka Totally Tasteless Video), 1998

For the updated version, we have a transsexual actress who can't quite get her lines down and goes off the set for a rest, where she has a hot encounter with the set girl. Condoms are not only in place, but figure in the erotic buildup and, in a rare shot, are actually taken off. The transsexual then has the girl fuck her with a little pink dildo. I guess this line of TV porn is alive and well.

Grade:

Pansexual Public Porn, or, The Adventures of Hans and Del

Del LaGrace Volcano, 1998

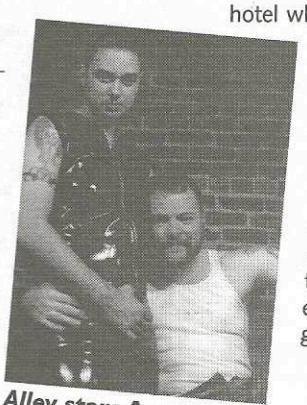
Liberalism meets Marxism to produce a queer child in this very artsy romp through a public park in London. At the opening, the filmmakers note they wanted to make "queer porn for queer people." In the film, the makers are in voyeuristic "pursuit of pleasure," expressing glee, for example, when they discover that at least one of the filmmakers "used to be a woman." The video wonderfully captures the outdoor antics of boys who want boys, girls who want to be boys, boys who were once girls, and fellows who just want some. Gender loses all meaning as the glory of fucking *with* nature takes a back seat to fucking *in* nature. Great cinematography, though the fragmentation may not move those whose libido requires plot.

Grade:

Alley of the Tranny Boys, A New Porn of Transsexual Men

Christopher Lee, 1998

Here we have liberated tranny boys (mostly) homosexually servicing each other instead of those pathetic suburban girls who can't decide what they like. The style is 1970s retro, with tranny boys of all colors, forms, and dick preferences. The scenarios are straight out of hardcore gay boy porn, including several fisting scenes, and the commonly seen "pick-up gone bad." The pissing scene is creatively accomplished, with the actors using one of those camping trip devices in order to pee standing up. And very interesting and hot is the bathtub scene, in which two tranny boys discuss their masturbation techniques. The nice thing about this video is the feeling of community and the sense that the actors are doing what they actually do for pleasure.



Alley stars Angel and Buck Davis

A scene from *Shoot!*

Grade:

Shoot!

J. Jones, 1998

An artsy short that juxtaposes SM, fashion photography, a segment of Jordy doing something with a person with a permanently attached penis, a shaving clip, and Jordy wielding his own strap-on. Too much jump-cutting to get you off, but a nice statement about the thin line between het advertising and boy-chick pornography.

Grade:

Drag King

Totally Tasteless
Video, 1998

For those interested in gay-boy-style porn, this mass-market entry is pretty hot. In the first segment, we have a traveling salesman who calls for a pretty boy. They do the usual boy things together. In scenario two, a very masculine (verging on redneck) guy goes to a hotel while his car gets fixed. All the call boys are busy, but, lo and behold, the mechanic comes over! The macho guy won't fully undress at first, but then, after asking the mechanic if he is "into pussy," reveals that he has got "a little bit different equipment." He thrills the mechanic with this and some chrome vibrators, and has a very butch clitoral orgasm. He then meets up with the pole-dancing pretty boy of the earlier scene, and they have a very, very good time on stage.

Grade:

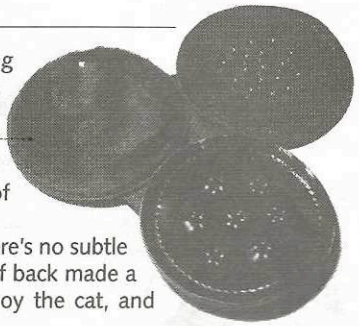
Cindy Patton was a founding editor of the erotic lesbian magazine Bad Attitude, *teaches gay and lesbian studies at Emory University, and has been extensively involved in feminist and AIDS politics.*

ALLEY OF THE TRANNY BOYS PHOTO BY P. WISE

try it

Skin Stimulator

(Stormy Leather, $125)



The Skin Stimulator is a nifty three-in-one device with a darling utilitarian feel to it. Very Prada-esque! One leather-backed oval mitt slips over the hand with a simple elastic band. The other side of the mitt is completely velcroed, ready to adhere to one of its three long-lost mates: Posh Poof (covered in imitation fur), Sporty Poof (with flat nail heads), or Scary Poof (studded with blood-letting needles).

Indeed, each poof-pairing was meritoriously tactiled, but there's no subtle way to switch heads. Detaching poof head from poof back made a ripping sound loud enough to spoil the mood, annoy the cat, and wake the dead. **ks**

Grade:

Sliders

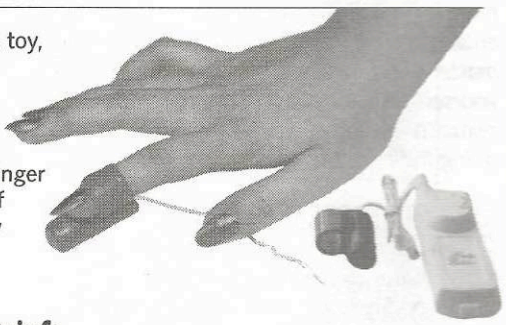
(California Exotic Novelties, $25)

These would be pretty ordinary jelly penetration toys if it wasn't for their out-of-this-world lime green color; these babies almost glow in the dark. Which makes them perfect for any alien-probe scenes your naughty mind might harbor, especially because they come in three different models, one for each orifice. C'mon, you've been kinkier with earthlings. **ls**

Grade:

Finger Vibrator

(Lady Galston, $25)



I was unduly dubious of this wee toy, for I am the queen of industrial-strength stimulation. But when I hooked this little egg to the underside of my finger and pointed it to the right spot, wow! Sparks flew. I never could come with just my finger before—who knew all I needed was a touch of mechanical assistance? Thanks to this toy, now I'm a hands-on gal. **ls**

Grade:

Harness Briefs

(Stormy Leather, $120)

Short-shorts with a ring to hold your porker, the "harness brief" is a brand-new creation. I got a call after I received it: "You're one of five who've ever used it," I was promised. "Let us know how it works."

Funny, any possible utilitarian value seemed irrelevant the second I unwrapped it. Yes, there's no "where does the leg go?" at critical moments. Yes, the snap-out ring is cleverly conceived. And yes, they did work. But they were so foxy, it seemed a crime to don them only for sex. This harness is begging for catwalk; in lieu of that, perhaps a fashionable orgy will do? **ad**

Grade:

Paisley Dildo

(Tantus, $45)

Green, gorgeous, and vegetable-like though it appears from afar, this dildo is nonpliant, hard, and excruciatingly slow to warm. I don't like things that don't give a little going up my hoochie, and this was no exception. I admit that it's really stunningly beautiful, especially if you love asparagus. But every time I go to pick it up, I think, "Ouch!", and that's not the sign of a good relationship. **ad**

Grade:

Little Black Book

- = Wash your hair instead.
- = Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
- = One-night-stand material.
- = Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
- = Better than sex.

Review Staff

ad Athena Douris
ks Khulfi Simone
ls Lori Selke

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THE DOCTOR IS NINA

QUEER THIRD WHEEL

I'm in love with my best friend and we have been together for 10 months. There are many issues in our relationship, one being her husband. He is suspicious. On several occasions he threatened to take away their one-year-old son if she leaves him, so she denies our relationship until she is blue in the face. She tells me every night that it makes her sick to her stomach to live with him. I have offered this woman everything if she leaves him, but she won't. What should I do next?

I would stop all sexual contact while she figures out what she needs to do at home. Take care of yourself and your pain so as not to add to her stress. Don't stuff your feelings, just find a way to be compassionate without jumping in the deep end with her. Help her to get counseling and referrals: if he's a big enough jerk, losing her child is a real possibility. Love is kind and giving, not selfish, so if you can help her through this to a good end, you will have given her "everything."

NO TOUGH TITTIES

My girlfriend has a problem: The skin around her nipples is cracked and becomes painful when I caress them. The tits get erect easily because the skin around them is so tender. Is there any remedy?

Hmmm, sounds like a medical doctor's opinion would be useful. Other than advising skin lotions, I don't have enough information to help you further. Get well soon!

ALL WORK, NO PLAY

I'm a cute, easygoing, flexible, single dyke. Although part of me would really like to date again (it's been a year since I last dated seriously), a part of me doesn't. I really enjoy practicing my musical instrument two hours a day and going to the gym. I am also a resident assistant for freshwomen, and I don't really feel comfortable dating around them. Am I being a workaholic?

It sounds like you have an active life and have no real need for emotional entanglements right now. Good for you! No matter what, though, you should be dating yourself. As long as you are celebrating sexuality in some way in your life, you're doing the right thing.

STONE BUTCH BLUES

I am 27 and my girlfriend is 19 years my senior, but she never runs out of energy. She's physically fit, successful, and a wonderful lover. One problem: She cannot let me touch her when she's making love to me. (I've heard some folks call this the "stone butch phenomenon.") I love her so very much, but I am finding it hard just to receive. She says she's never had a sexual trauma, and can't explain why she is this way. Your thoughts?

You must figure out how to handle the discrepancy between your desires. In my experience, I get my needs met best by incorporating the status quo; for example, maybe you can do a scene with another femme while she watches. Although you are right not to pressure her, your needs are legitimate. Remember, unmet sexual needs have a way of exploding messily.

HOME BODY

I was the type that never wanted to settle down. But I met my girlfriend back in December of 1998 and moved to Louisiana to be with her. We consider ourselves married. She is a wonderful woman and her kids immediately accepted me. My problem is that I don't feel a part of the family. I don't feel like this is my home. I never say, "I will be home at six." Instead, I say that I will be back at the "house" at six. Why do I feel like this?

Have you talked to your wife about how you feel? If a person doesn't feel truly "known" by their partner, they might not feel at "home" with them. If she's great like you say, she can hold your hand while you search for the origins of—and the solution to—your feelings.

SEXUAL HEALING

My partner is 29 years younger than me and I thought that I would have trouble keeping up with her. But since she moved in with me, all she wants to do is kiss and cuddle. I know that she had a terrible childhood: her father abused her, and although she has had a lot of girlfriends, she only pretended that she wanted to have sex with them. Is there anything I can do to change things?

Because you are the elder, it's incumbent upon you to take the lead here. The question you need to answer for your self is how equal do you want the relationship to be? Are you lover or therapist? Can you negotiate a healthy balance between her healing process and your needs? See her for who she is, not as some romantic projection—and good luck.

Nina Hartley has been called both "the Martha Stewart of porn" and the "world's smartest porn star." She's also a registered nurse. Send your sex and love concerns via fax (415-648-4705), e-mail (nina@gfriends.com), or snail mail (Dear Nina, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110).

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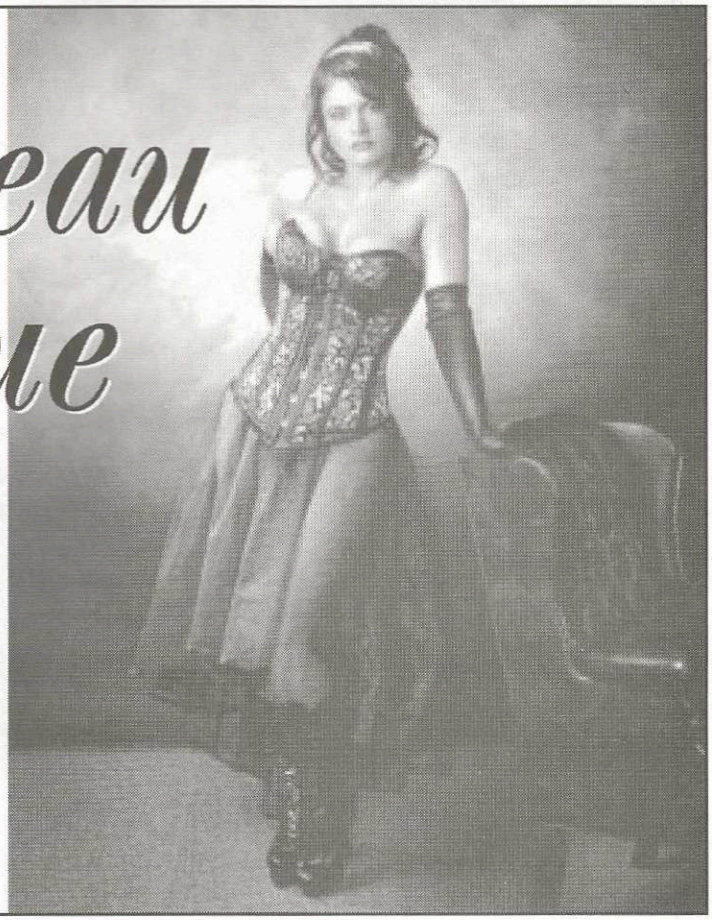

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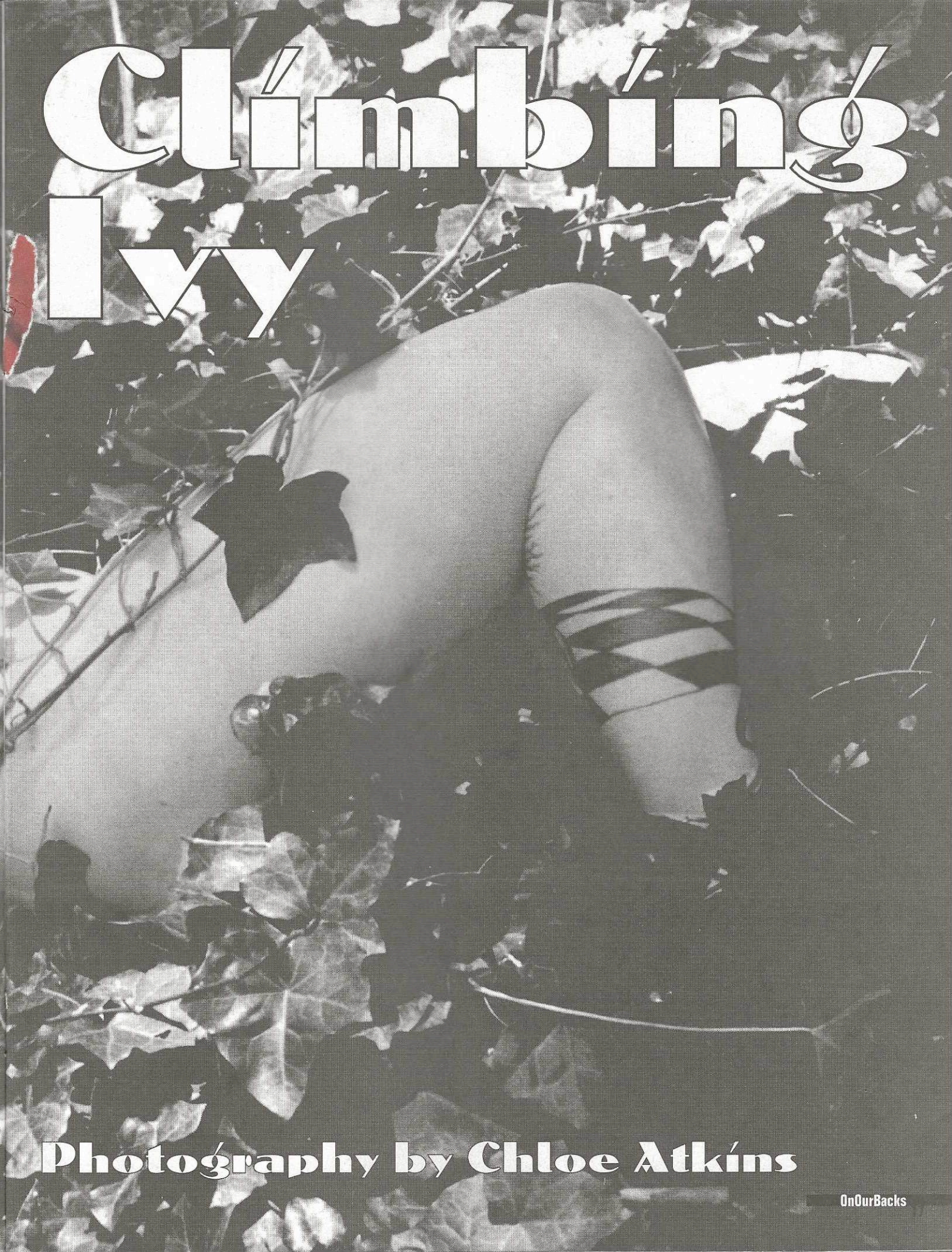

Climbing
Ivy
Photography by Chloe Atkins

NAME:
Anne

AGE:
Old enough to know what I want.

LOCATION:
Came of age in Virginia

STATUS:
Available to women only!

PROFESSION:
Professional body piercer

SEX FANTASY:
I am definitely not in my profession to get laid, but one fantasy of mine is being attracted to a female client whom I am supposed to pierce. I would perform a sensual piercing such as nipples. The woman would be so turned on and then the two of us would go at it right there. I have a full OB-GYN table with stirrups. I am 100 percent professional; it is only a fantasy, but it sure would make for a great photo spread!

BIGGEST TURN ON:
I have only been fisted once in my life, and would really like to be fisted again. I am all about being fisted. I can't help but check out women's hands soon after meeting them, especially small-fisted women.

TURN OFF:
Women who don't know what they want.

HER FETISH:
I have a huge fetish for pig tails. I enjoy people with unusual or decorative hair. I have a fetish for anyone who is interested in experimenting with their body in a sensual way.

BEST SEXUAL EXPERIENCE:
Fairy Butch's sex party before San Francisco Pride this year. There is nothing like anonymous casual sex with two women!
—l.m.

PHOTO BY J. BULLOCK

Sprinkle after the Storm

After three decades in the biz and a tragic fire, America's most famous porn apologist bounces back.

Annie Sprinkle has arranged for us to meet at The Saint James Infirmary, a free clinic for sex workers. A local news program is filming while she's having her blood drawn. I'm seated with my back to camera, listening, while Annie explains why the clinic, started by activists, is so important.

"People are prejudiced against prostitutes," she explains. "It's just like when people have prejudices towards Jews, or blacks, or gays, or lesbians, or other folks." She goes on: "There's a tremendous demand for sex workers. Not everyone is lucky enough to have a lover."

It's not often that the nightly news sends a whore-positive message; this has got to be a first. But then Annie's no stranger to firsts. She was a model for the first newsstand spread-pussy magazine. When she showed her cervix to 25,000 people as part of her show, "Post-Porn Modernist," that was another first. She also appeared—dental dam in hand—in one of the first safe-sex education films for lesbians.

The first porno she directed, *Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle*, showed women having real orgasms with vibrators—unheard of in the 1970s. In the early 1980s, Annie left the world of traditional porn for the avant-garde, making appearances in such films as *War is Menstrual Envy*. She created *The Sluts and Goddesses Video Workshop: Or How to Be a Sex Goddess in 101 Easy Steps* (in good part, she says, "to meet women").

Recently, Annie's added three more videos to her oeuvre: *Zen Pussy* (a meditation on 11 vulvas); *Female Genital Massage* (a how-to for erotic massage); and *Herstory of Porn* (the video version of her live show). *Herstory of Porn* is produced by and stars Annie, and is codirected with prostitute activist Scarlet Harlot (the other two are directed by her friend Joseph Kramer). Spanning nearly three decades of her involvement in porn, *Herstory* is truly the tale of a sexual prodigy.

Interview by Athena Douris

On Our Backs: For the last eight years you've made porn for women. For nearly two decades you made porn for men. How are the two different?
Annie Sprinkle: There is definitely more money to be made in porn for men—men have more money, and men are more willing to pay for sex stuff. But women are so grateful when they find good, sexually explicit porn that also speaks to them.

I love [**On Our Backs** cofounder] Debi Sundahl's line, "They call it adult material, but it's really adolescent material." Much of men's porn is very adolescent and appeals to one chakra: the sex chakra. Women want seven-chakra porn—porn that appeals to their level of maturity, to their heart, their intellect, their politics, their spirituality.

On Our Backs: Women are *very* critical of porn.
Sprinkle: Yes, but the answer to bad porn is not no porn, it's to make better porn. In my new video, I do a piece on how to make your own porn called "Teenage Mermaid Fanta-sea." I go to a lot of colleges and foreign countries these days as a visiting artist, and I try to inspire everyone to make porn. It's such a great way to help our society grow and mature. Making porn is fun. We've only made baby steps in porn.
On Our Backs: Exactly—help us out!
Sprinkle: The potential for sexual healing through porn is enormous. I was in the first issue of *Cheri* Magazine, which was, I think, the first newsstand magazine with big spread pussies. I myself was shocked, and I was in the darned centerfold! But at least nowadays everyone knows where the clit is. People are more comfortable with seeing pussies. But hey, the sluts never get any credit!
On Our Backs: I remember when I was straight being really offended by spread pussy shots. It wasn't until I became a lesbian that I really appreciated and enjoyed them.
Sprinkle: We've come a long way. And we're still cumming.
On Our Backs: Can you tell me a little about how you came out as a lesbian?
Sprinkle: I'd been having sex with women in my work for years, ever since I was 18. But it wasn't until I fell in love with a woman about 12 years ago that I really felt like a lesbian. I continued to be with some men over the next four years because a lot of my income was dependent on them as a prostitute. Becoming a lesbian has definitely been one of the most wonderful things to ever happen to me, and no one was more surprised than I that it happened. But I fell madly, passionately, deeply in love and respect with women. I'm in absolute awe of women, and women's sexualities and women's bodies.

Let's see... yep, it's been about nine years and I've slept with just one man. And that was a sort of science experiment. I did it for art!
On Our Backs: The man that appears briefly in *Herstory of Porn*, at the end?
Sprinkle: Yes, he was the one. I went through about a four-year separatist phase. I had a lot of anger towards men and patriarchy. It was good for me. But I wanted to put a man in at the end of the video—in a cameo. It was something about forgiveness. So I did it with this very nice guy, Raul. Anyway, that should last me another ten years!
On Our Backs: You and Joseph Kramer copresent the videos *Zen Pussy* and *Fire in the Valley*. Can you tell me a little about your work on them?
Sprinkle: Joe is the founder of the Body Electric School of Massage, and a dear old friend. He developed a series of genital massage techniques and rituals for men that became immensely popular. So he invited me to help him develop an erotic massage for women.

It was a blast. We gave everything fun names like "the lust thrust," "rock around the clit clock," and "labia shiatsu." If you follow along with the instructional video, I guarantee you can satisfy a woman to her core. I've witnessed miraculous sexual healings using the techniques. Some childhood sexual abuse women had talked about for ten years in therapy [without resolution], did get resolved with one erotic massage. I've heard that many times.

Zen Pussy is based on the idea that by simply contemplating vulva you can inspire visions, memories, feelings, questions—and enlightenment! It consists of extreme close ups of vulvas with breathing, very minimal.

But what I am most excited about is my new *Herstory of Porn* video. It's by far the best movie I've ever done. I gave it my all, including my entire inheritance. It took Scarlet Harlot and me a year and a half to make, and has tightly edited clips from dozens of movies with a provocative running commentary.
On Our Backs: For someone who has never done sex magic, how can a beginner start?
Sprinkle: You can start simply by stating an intention, like "I dedicate this lovemaking to finding a great new home to rent," or "I dedicate this orgasm to healing my sick cat." Then when you're in ecstasy, visualize your wish in your mind's eye. It's really powerful magic. It really works!

Like when my house burnt down this past April, my friend Barbara Carrelles sent out a e-mail telling people what happened, and suggested that people might dedicate an orgasm to me. A lot of people did. The erotic prayer provided an amazing cushion. I swear I felt so little pain.
On Our Backs: How has it been for you since the fire?
Sprinkle: The first week was hard. It was such a shock to lose almost everything, including my two beloved cats, and my beautiful home that I loved so much. Then so much magic happened. I've learned so much from it.

"People from around the world sent me checks. It was like being made love to by hundreds of people at once."

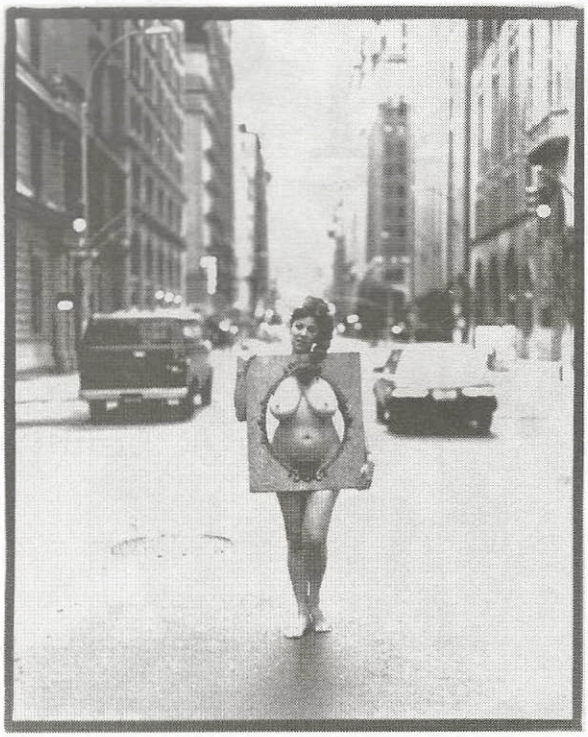


PHOTO BY SPENCER TUNIC

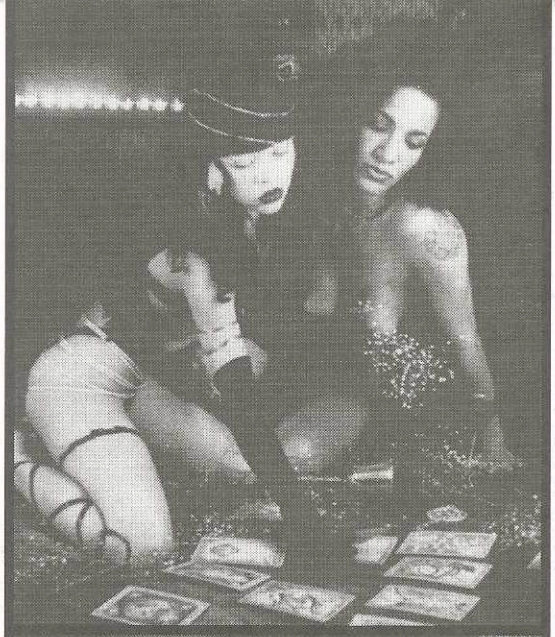
On Our Backs: Like what?
Sprinkle: I didn't know I had such a generous and huge community. I'm a very independent person and didn't feel like I needed any help. But so many people wanted to help—it was incredible. There were eight different benefits held. Hundreds of people from around the world sent me checks with notes, many of them anonymous—"You gave me a lot of pleasure, here's what I can give back." It was really like being made love to by hundreds of people at once.

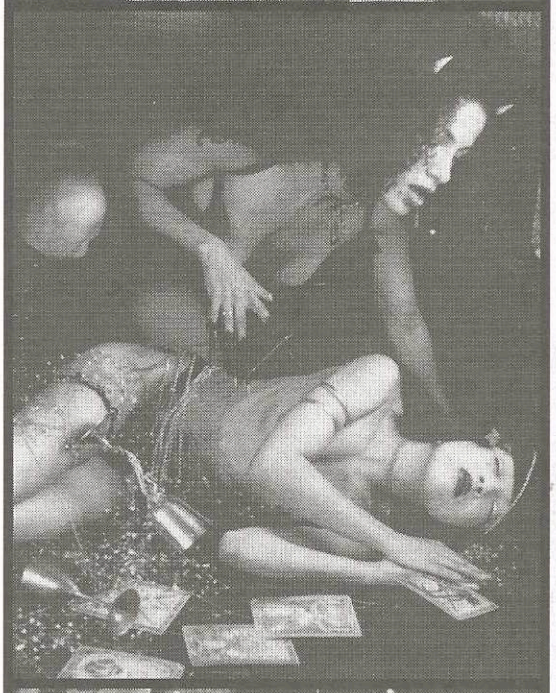
So that myth that if you're a porn star, you're a lost soul, a real loser, is wrong. If you make love to the world, the world makes love to you back. The "sex community" is a strong, loving, supportive, generous community—not only do they cum together, they come together!
On Our Backs: Everyone is so worried about the millennium. What do you think?
Sprinkle: It's going to be fabulous. So many people on the planet will be focused on that day—it will be a great night to do a lover's ritual, or a masturbation ritual. Lately I fancy myself as a mermaid. So I'm planning to be on a boat out in the ocean making love. I plan on ringing in the new millennium in ecstasy—that's for sure.

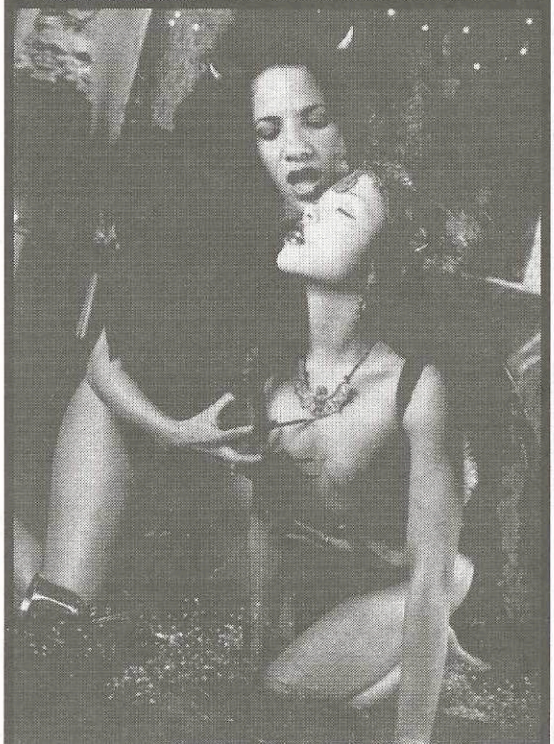
To order any of the videos mentioned, call 1.800.528.1942.

SPIRITS RISING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHELE SERCHUK



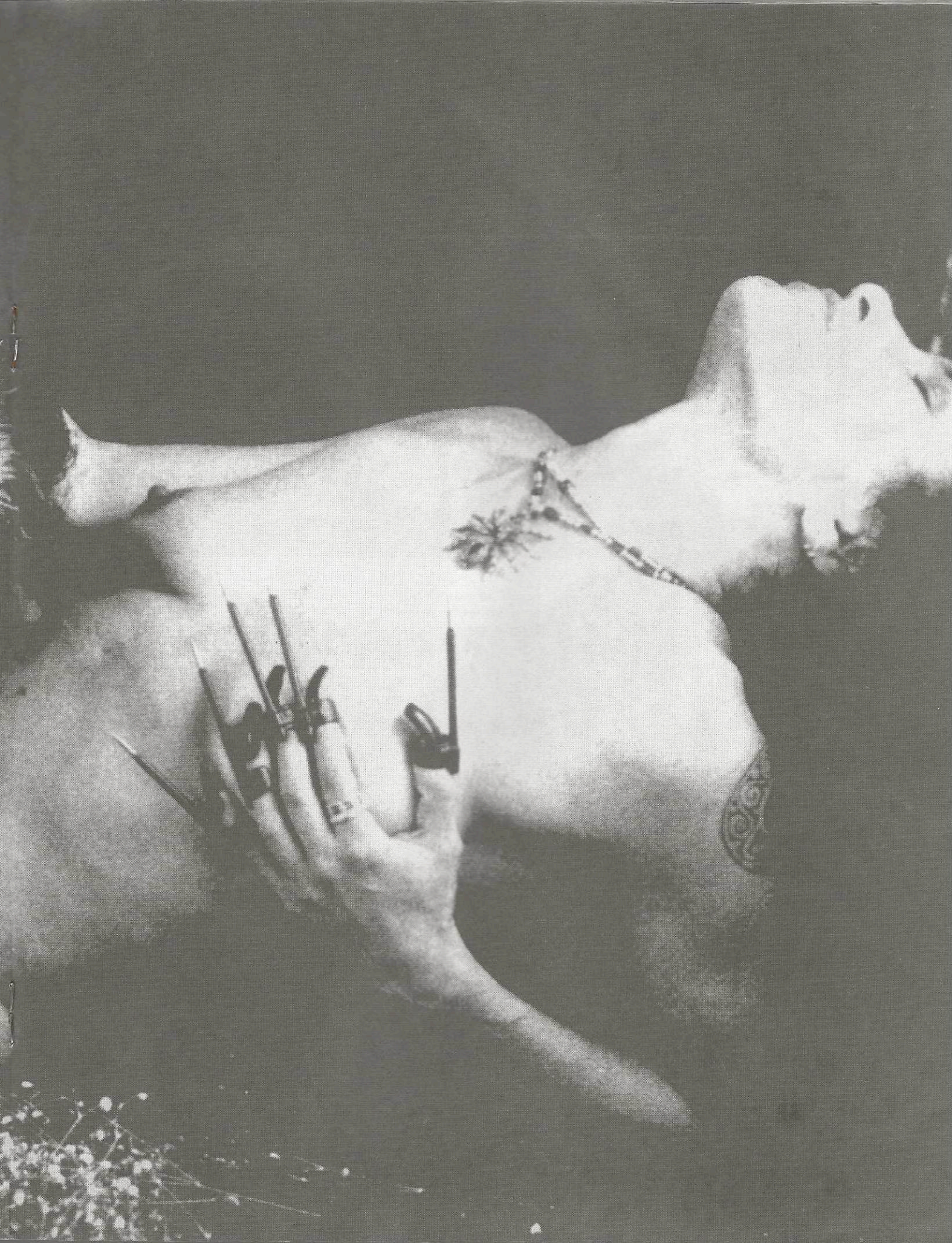


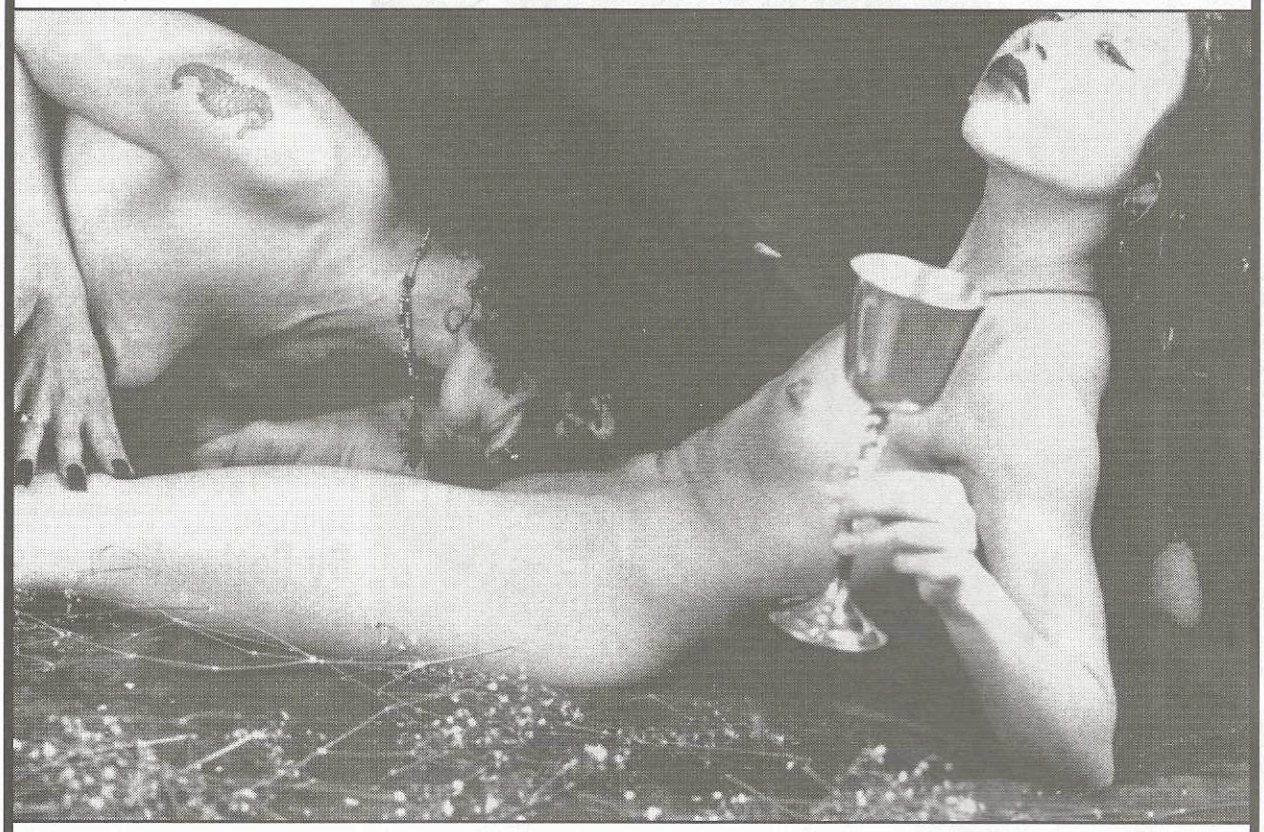


Late one moonlit Halloween night, Mistress Marilyn seeks Sky's counsel. As Sky reads the cards, they both drink the wine Sky proffers, the blood-red liquid almost black in the candlelight.

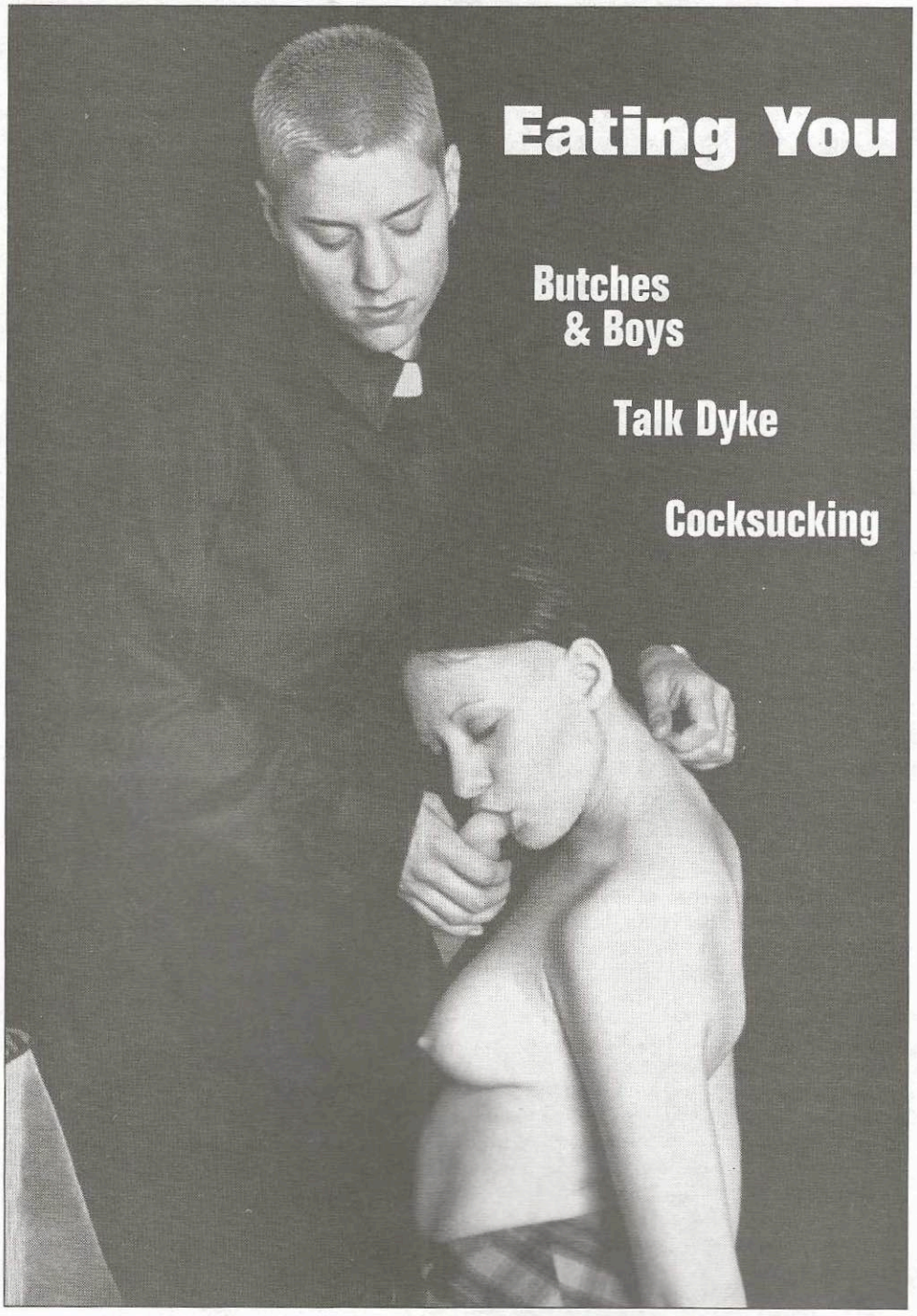
Is it the wine, or something else, that sends Marilyn into her slumber? When the clock strikes midnight, Sky's fangs emerge – and so does Marilyn's true nature. Winged and horned, these two creatures of the night find that they share a common destiny.

OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX





As dawn approaches, Marilyn once again tires. Sky must flee to her coffin, but before the sun breaks the horizon, she leaves Marilyn with a final kiss, and a memento… – *l.s.*



Eating You by Inches

Butches & Boys Talk Dyke Cocksucking

By Dorian Key and Seth Custis

Cocksucking has become standard for many gender-bending dykes. But giving head to a rubber or silicone cock—strapped, of course, to one's favorite trick—may seem silly to some. "What's the point?" we've been asked. "It's not like she can feel anything." We disagree.

MICHAEL ROSEN

Many a packing dyke gets off from the pressure exerted on her cunt and from the visual stimulation of having an eager dyke working between her legs. For many, getting or giving head is a favorite sexual activity—even an obsession. We searched everywhere—coffee houses, alleyways, and bookstores—for light blue hankies stuck in back pockets, in order to collect a gang of other boyish and butch dykes with an interest in cocksucking.

Dyke Dick Desire

Q: What gets you hard?

Meredith: A dick that's bigger than I can handle. A confident daddy, someone who's physically stronger than me, who'll tell me to suck cock whenever he feels like it, even in public. A daddy with steel-toed boots that I can service as a warm-up. I want that daddy to grab me and push me down to my knees and rub my face in the crotch of his jeans or leathers and grab the back of my head and force-feed me his cock.

NG: Someone kneeling in front of me, their hands behind their back, a butch or boy. Their height is also important for a good angle. I want to stick my cock down toward their tonsils.

Sally: Most of my cocksucking fantasies are daddy-boy, where I'm teaching the boy how to do it.

Cal: Femme girls, fag girls, boy girls, how they smell! I see two dykes: I'm one of them, we're hot for each other. In an alley that doesn't smell as bad as they really do, I cup a hand on my crotch, s/he notices and licks his lips. I see s/he's hungry and maybe packing too. I don't know which one of us will succumb first, who needs it worse. I start touching and pushing him up against a wall or metal grate door. We exchange rough kisses. S/he bites my neck and I grab his hair, pull his head back, sneer, "What do you think you're doing?" I check if he's hard and wet, make him taste his own pussy juice on my finger, get him weak, hungry for me. I put him on his knees and only let him rub his face against the cock straining against my jeans, but I won't pull it out yet!

Sucking Her Off

Q: What first gave you the idea to suck another dyke's cock? How does sucking another dyke's cock make you feel? What excites you most about it?

Meredith: It wasn't a thought, it was just a primal urge that I needed to have my mouth stuffed. It makes me feel like a fish biting a hook. I see myself as a pleasure hole, a fuck-face. The person I'm sucking off is a demigod, an authority of pleasure.

Alix: Serving someone, worshipping something, wetting it, really turns me on.

Cal: I thought about sucking a dyke's cock as soon as I knew about girl-dicks. Sucking a femme's dick is *nasty.* I love the genderfuck.

Q: What size and type of dildo can you take in your mouth? How do you deal with your gag reflex?

Alix: I can take up to six inches in length. I'm not into whale or dolphin dildos. I prefer the cock-like ones, but no balls, not totally realistic. If I start to gag, I back off and put my hand on the base of the dick.

Meredith: Seven inches, that's in the gagging realm. I like a realistic shape and color, silicone or rubber. When I gag I yawn in my throat, open my jaw really wide, and let my tongue fall forward as much as possible.

Cal: I can take the head of almost anything, and the full length of a six-inch dick, more if I'm controlling my movements, less if I'm getting face-fucked. I pull back and swallow if I'm gagging. Someone I know practices on peeled bananas.

Q: How do you like to give head? If you're into SM, how do you relate cocksucking to it?

Alix: I start out teasing with my tongue, taking the head in, licking the underside, jacking off with my hand at the base. I like verbal abuse from the top. Cocksucking relates to SM to me because I am having a hole opened by someone else. I'm an open channel, another sexual orifice.

Meredith: I tongue the head, showing the top how talented my tongue is, popping the head in and out of my lips. I take it a little deeper each time I go down. Sometimes I secretly use my teeth to get a good grip. My favorite position is being bent backwards over a couch, with my head upside-down. I like having my face hit with a cock, when the top moans their pleasure, when I can smell their crotch. Cocksucking is a power exchange, with a dominant and a submissive, breath control, and a testing ground for physical endurance as well.

Cal: I cup her balls and use pressure against her cunt. I like to make it visually appetizing. I like to have my master's boots firmly planted in my crotch or against my neck. Being choked or crying is also good. Face-fucking can be punishment and getting master's/daddy's cock can be a reward.

Getting It

Q: What first gave you the idea to have your cock sucked? How does having your cock sucked make you feel? What excites you most about getting head?

Alix: It seems to be a natural part of my sexuality, whether or not I'm wearing a dick. I feel like a teenage boy with a huge hard-on. When it's with an older woman, it like she's my mommy. It makes me feel like a virgin teenager. When I'm with another butch, we're both randy-ass teenagers. I love seeing a femme's lipstick smeared on my dick.

Sally: I feel paternal, like daddy's teaching his boy while being blown. I see myself as a daddy. It doesn't work as well for me when it's not daddy-boy.

Aussie Boy: Having my cock sucked makes me feel very powerful and male, and at the same time vulnerable and genderfucked. I like it when someone is really getting into what they are doing, getting lost in it, when they push themselves to take all of me in. If I am playing rough I fuck their face. I like to look into their eyes while they submit to me.

Q: What about packing and favorite dicks?

Alix: Packing feels like an extension of my true identity. My favorite packing drag is leather pants or pinstriped suits. My favorite packing dick is six inches long, doesn't have balls. It's a gray, sort of realistic silicone one. I wear it in a custom-made harness. It's a codpiece originally made for a man, but customized to have a snap-off pouch with my dick underneath. I pack to the left and don't wear underwear.

Sally: When I pack and wear butch drag, it totally gets me into my daddy role, protective, paternal, powerful, and cocky. I like to wear jeans, a T-shirt, flannel shirt, boots, leather jacket, jockey shorts or boxers, and a belt with my keys attached. My favorite packing dick is the six-inch black rubber Ballsy Supercock. It's pretty realistic, with veins, except it's not flesh-colored. I use a longer one if I'm going to be fucking. I'm always searching for more

continued on page 42

The Boyz:

Alix Sloane
26-year-old cocksucker and suckee
Identity: Bratty/fag/dyke/switch
Quote: "Feeling butch/male is a part of my essence. I'm mostly a top because it's hard to find people who can top me. Someone's got to be serious before I'll bottom to them."

Sally
54-year-old cocksuckee
Identity: Butch-identified daddy

Aussie Boy
24-year-old cocksuckee
Identity: Genderfucked, somewhere between butch and transgendered
Quote: "I'm a boy in every sense of the word except biological."

Meredith
25-year-old cocksucker and suckee
Identity: Switch faggot
Quote: "I'm very into servicing and being mentored by a daddy. I'm faithful, loyal, and honorable, kind of old-fashioned and extremely perverted."

NG
43-year-old suckee
Identity: Butch top
Quote: "I like to be called sir."

Cal
32-year-old cocksucker and suckee
Identity: Varies, from a five-year-old boy to straight or gay teenage boy to daddy

Gretchen
24-year-old cocksucker and suckee
Identity: Dyke-boy

What They Do

A Rom Girl's Erotic Discovery

By Rachel Heath Illustration by Robyn Head

"Say you're Italian."

I don't know how old I was when Mom first told me that, but it must have been early. Whenever I started a new school or went to a new church, she would say it as a reminder, though she didn't really need to. I knew you have to fib sometimes if you want other people to like you, and I never used to be one of the kids who got picked on.

Although I wasn't good at the book part of school, I loved hopscotch and tether ball and dodge ball, and later softball (I made several home runs in high school). I never had a real problem getting along—I always knew when someone was starting to get weird.

By high school it was important to make myself look pretty, and that led to a lot of fights with Mom, who didn't like me to wear the type of makeup that was popular in those days.

"You want to make yourself look like a ghost?" she would ask. "Do women have white lips? What's pretty about that?"

"Oh, Mom," I said. I'd wave a hand at her. I didn't expect to make her understand.

The thing we really fought about was skirts. "It's dirty to expose your knees," she would say. "Dirty. Do you want to be *marime**?"

"It's not dirty," I'd answer. "Everybody does it."

"The *gaje*** do it. We don't."

"I don't want to be weird," I said.

"Do you want to be dirty instead?" She would shake her head and her eyebrows would pinch together in an ugly way.

I didn't want to be dirty, but I didn't want to be weird either, so a lot of things were a struggle for me. I could never eat at a *gaje's* house, so I became good at making excuses. Then there was the time I was visiting a friend—most of my friends were *gaje*—and her cat came over to me. I froze and my stomach knotted up. My look of distaste must have been evident because Eve asked, "What's wrong?" I replied, "Nothing" but I said I had to go to the bathroom, so I could get away from the cat. Cats are such polluting animals, with the way they lick themselves, bringing dirt from their outsides into their insides.

In my senior year at Lincoln High—it was the only year I went to that school—I was only friends with one other Rom girl (besides my cousins with whom I lived). There were other Rom kids at school, but I stayed away from them (except at Rom gatherings) because all the gaje called them "dirty gypsies," and pretended they were afraid the Rom kids were going to steal their stuff. Worst of all, guys would come up singing "She Was a Gypsy Woman" to the girls they knew were Rom and ask, "Is it true all Gypsy girls are whores?" when we're not even allowed to *date* like the rest of them and we're supposed to keep our knees covered. I can't believe how the *gaje* reverse things, seeing Rom as the immoral ones when they live their whole lives in pollution.

Mary/Yvonne was my best friend. Mary was her name around *gaje* and Yvonne was her Rom one, just like Dana is my name for *gaje* and Sofie is for just Rom. At school, even in the girls' restroom with no one else, we always called each other by our American names. We weren't real good about going to class because we weren't planning to go on to college; our parents thought even high school would be too corrupting. But when we cut class, we didn't go home because our moms and grandmothers would put us to work around the house (although they wouldn't get mad that we weren't in school).

Yvonne and I would drive around, usually in Yvonne's grandmother's old yellow Cutlass, to nowhere in particular, just talking. On one of those days, Yvonne told me that she knew what *gaje* do on dates. "Lori told me about it," she said in Romany.

Lori and her were like best friends, but not completely, because Lori was *gaje*. "Lori told me *everything* a boy did with her," Yvonne claimed. I looked over at her: even though it was her car, I was driving. She let me sometimes, and I always wanted to.

My heart tripped. I felt my mouth go dry, then water just as suddenly. I was excited but also scared because it might make me *marime* even to *know*. But I wanted to know.

"She told you... " My words ran out. From the look in my eyes, Yvonne must have known I wanted her to continue. My hands on the steering wheel got clammy.

Her voice went down. "Find a place to park and I'll show you, Sofie," she promised. In our cars and homes, when we were certain no *gaje* would hear, we called each other by our Rom names.

My heart was beating excitedly as I drove. "Where?" I asked.

"That lot that's down the block from your cousin's auto repair shop."

But I'd already thought of it before Yvonne said it.

I stopped the car and parked. I was afraid to look at Yvonne but I had to.

"First, the boy just takes your hand, like this, Sofie," she said, taking my hand. I felt a warm glow begin. "And for awhile, that's all they do, just hold hands."

Silently I looked into her large, dark brown eyes. A wave of inchoate yearning passed through my flesh.

"Then he starts just moving a little bit, up and down, like this. . . " Her palm went lightly up and down the inside of my arm.

"Oh," I said, scared, but with a fear that wasn't all bad, more like watching a scary movie.

"Then he'll kiss you," Yvonne said. Yvonne put her hand on the back of my neck—my heart tripped again—and she wanted to see if I would stop her.

I did not.

Yvonne kissed me on the mouth, close-mouthed and not for too long.

I giggled nervously when she pulled away. My face must have been red.

Yvonne giggled too. Then she said, "Now what usually happens is the girl tells the boy to stop."

"Stop," I whispered automatically.

We both giggled again.

"And he does, for awhile. They just sit there and he goes back to this." Yvonne held my hand. "And this." She slid her fingers up and down the inside of my arm, half-tickling.

A pause followed. We were still holding hands. Yvonne was intermittently caressing my arm.

> "They—the lesbians—do it with their fingers."

I looked at the windshield, blinking and swallowing hard.

She kissed me, very lightly, just on the side of the face. "Then he starts again," Yvonne said. Her tongue licked lightly against my ear. Hot chills raced up and down my spine. She paused again. She put her hand on the back of my neck. My face turned toward hers and we kissed on the mouth again—open-mouthed this time, her tongue thrust inside my mouth. A warm pulse beat between my thighs, in my woman's parts. I squeezed against her arm and my right leg lifted up automatically.

Yvonne pulled away from me. I saw I had smeared her pink lipstick and knew she'd pinked my white. "Then they usually say something like 'I love you, Sofie,'" she went on.

"I love you," I said, very softly, hardly audible, not quite knowing the words were coming out of my mouth.

Her hand brushed lightly against my breast.

"Oh," I gasped.

She waited. Then her hand cupped my breast, through the blouse and bra, not directly, and, looking through the car windows at the sky just beginning to get dusky—it was November and getting dark early—I felt sweat burst hotly from my armpits. My nipples burned and stung with

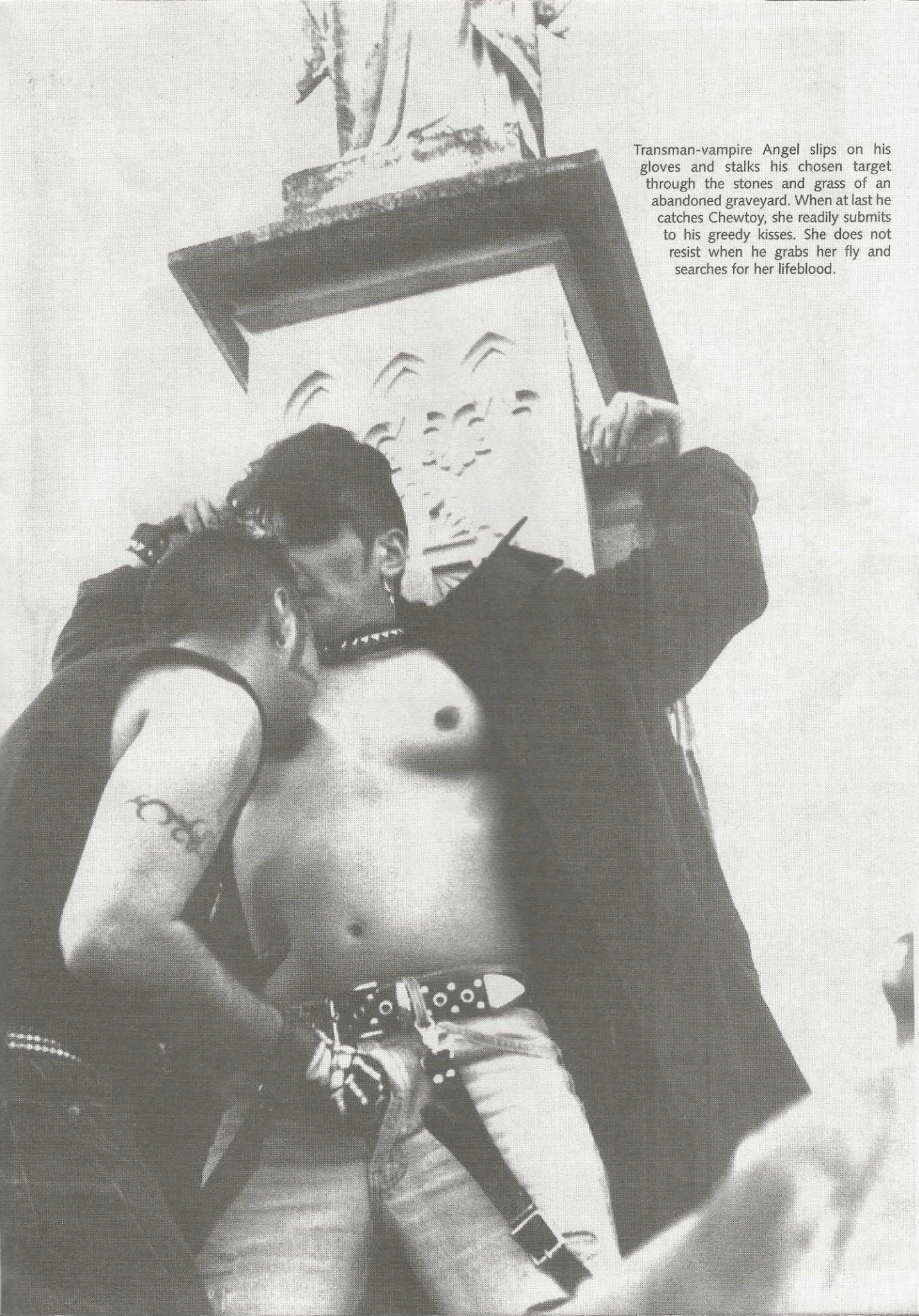
continued on page 42

**Marime* describes the shameful condition of those Rom—usually called "Gypsies" by other people—who have become "polluted" and therefore shunned by other Rom.

***Gaje* is used by Rom to mean anyone who is not Rom.

transsexual transylvania

Photography by Splene, courtesy of Christopher Lee and J Zapata's video "Sex Flesh in Blood."

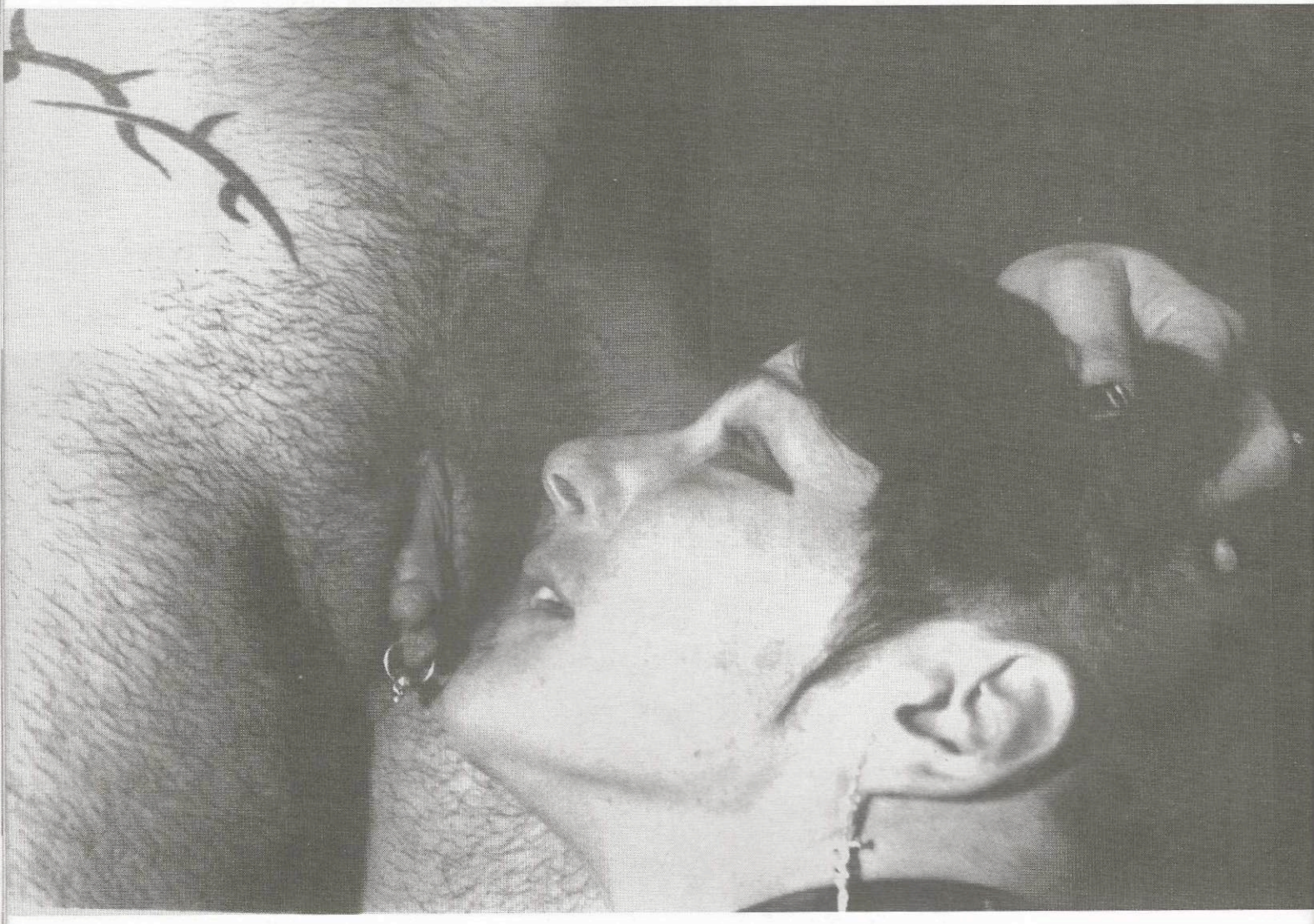


Transman-vampire Angel slips on his gloves and stalks his chosen target through the stones and grass of an abandoned graveyard. When at last he catches Chewtoy, she readily submits to his greedy kisses. She does not resist when he grabs her fly and searches for her lifeblood.

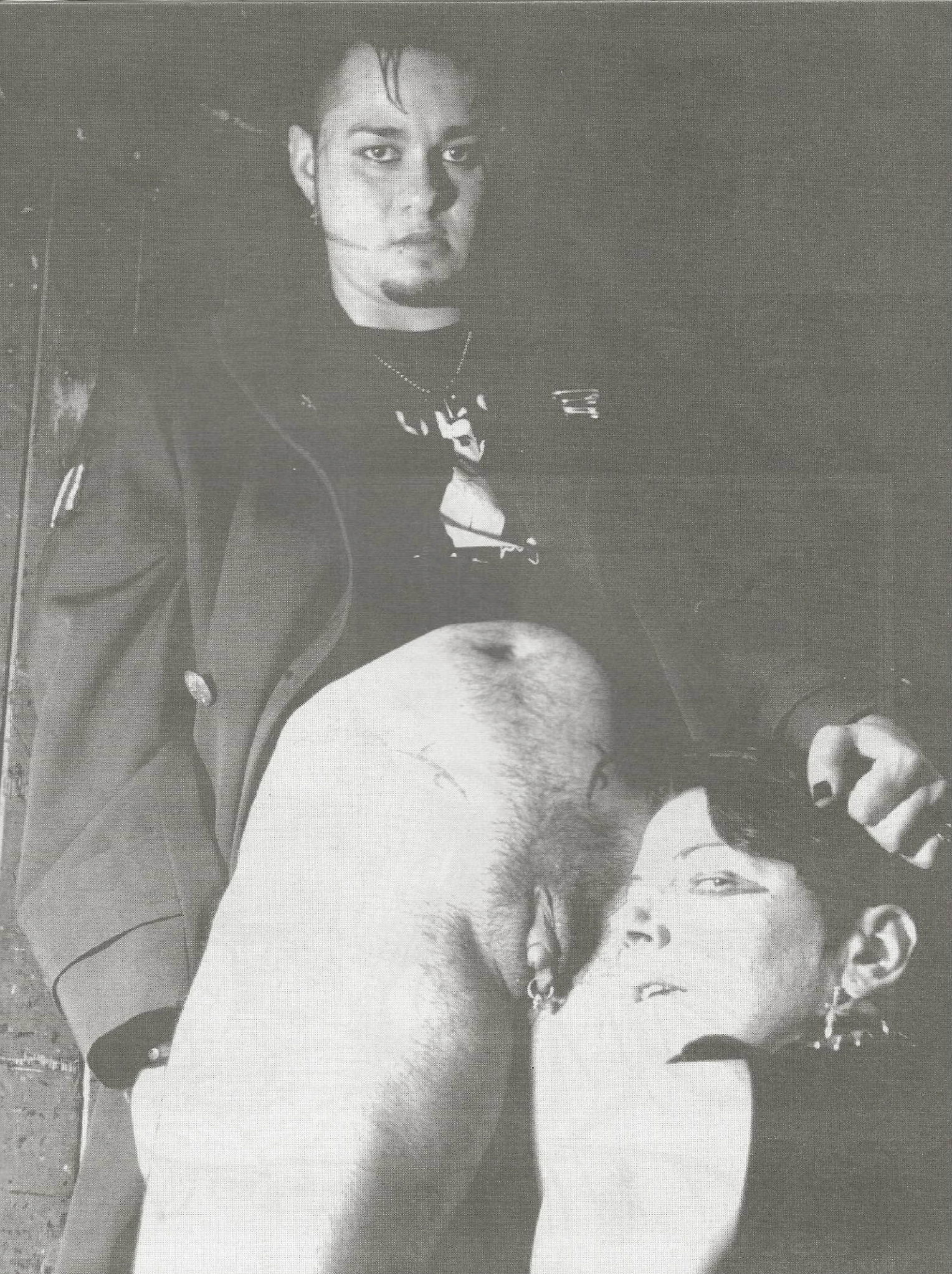
Chewtoy isn't your ordinary bulldyke. She likes boys—boys that used to be girls, that is. She'll bend over and take it up the ass for any trans guy, anytime.

Or she'll
suck
them off.

Angel, a female-to-male tranny boy, prowls railway stations, cemeteries, and Chinatown, looking for gratification. He isn't at all disappointed when he gets his swollen sex sucked off by a dyke. *–l.s.*



Filmmakers Christopher Lee and J Zapata also directed 1998's Alley of the Tranny Boys. *You can see* Sex Flesh in Blood *at this year's Tranny Fest Transgender and Transgenre Film Festival, October 30 at the Roxie Cinema in San Francisco. Call 415-820-3245 for more information, email trannyfest@aol.com, or visit members.aol.com/trannyfest.*



FLOWERGIRL
story by KIRSTEN FLOURNOY
illustration by ellen forney ©1999
ellenforney@halcyon.com

She's there across the street, short and round, tiny and stacked. Her ass jiggles impossibly when she walks. The flowergirl has water balloons for breasts, hard 20-year-old wonders that creep towards her perfectly columnar neck as if to strangle her. I like to imagine the lush, damp creases beneath her arms, a mouth-watering smell of wet gravel rooming there.

Marooned on the island of my desk I think of her, she of the innocuous name and missed cues. I must invent Very Important Business that requires profligate floral arrangements, cards to be bought, corporate clients to impress with unwieldy sprays of birds of paradise and gaudy red wax leaves, like a baboon's butt with an obscene rippled yellow stamen shooting forth. I wish that she worked in a coffee shop, where my increasing presence would not be so noticeable, not so much the subject of her raised eyebrows and unsubtle commentary. *You again?*

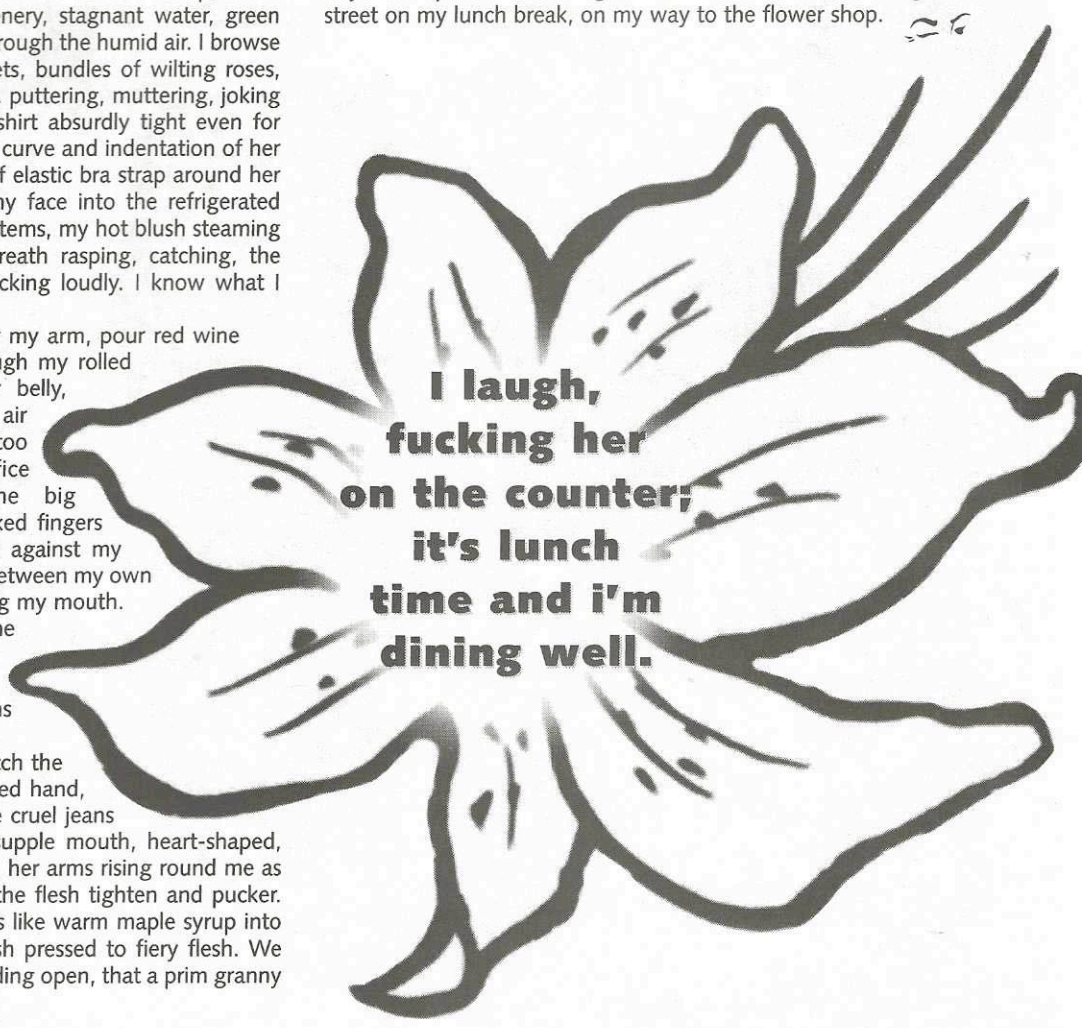
Today I am determined to Make A Move. I enter the shop, inhale its aroma of loam and rotting greenery, stagnant water, green scummed ponds. Spindly gnats flit through the humid air. I browse the floor, set pails of mixed bouquets, bundles of wilting roses, turgid, powdered lilies. She's in back, puttering, muttering, joking with the fellows, her shorts and T-shirt absurdly tight even for someone of her age, revealing every curve and indentation of her callipygian excess. I follow the line of elastic bra strap around her ribs, over her shoulder. Then put my face into the refrigerated cabinets, breathing in fragrant long stems, my hot blush steaming against the cold. I can hear my breath rasping, catching, the old-fashioned watch on my wrist ticking loudly. I know what I want to buy.

I would bend her backwards over my arm, pour red wine into her cleavage and drink it through my rolled tongue, eat nasturtiums from her belly, violate her violet cunt mouth. The air here is too much for me, too close, too suffocating. I retreat. In the office restroom I lock myself in the big handicapped stall and slide spit-slicked fingers deep into my hole, drag them out against my eager clit, plunge them salty-sweet between my own lips, pretending it's her come flooding my mouth.

I enter the shop. She's there in the back room. Moving towards the cutting counter, she sees me, stops, scissors suspended mid-bite, the ferns in her grasp trembling imperceptibly.

I shove her onto the counter, snatch the shears from her willing, weak-fingered hand, cut off that vile lime-green shirt, the cruel jeans keeping me from her. Flowergirl's supple mouth, heart-shaped, and her slack, startled gaze liquefies, her arms rising round me as I tongue her brown nipple, feeling the flesh tighten and pucker. She is sweet as sugar, her saliva runs like warm maple syrup into my mouth as I drink her down, flesh pressed to fiery flesh. We don't care that the front door is standing open, that a prim granny is waiting at the cash register to be rung up. The oscillating fan swipes us with its breeze. She's smiling, no longer shy or afraid of what her boss might think. I see her confidence bubbling up, her cries wild and guttural as I part my long suit jacket to reveal my own projectile stem, my lavender latex pollinator cleaving her pocket of wet, red petals. She moves beneath me, thrusting upwards in mad abandon to impale herself on my burning spear. I laugh, fucking her on the counter; it's lunch time and I'm dining well. She comes thrashing, knocking gift cards astray, kicking over silk flowers in plastic vases. The granny stands with one horrified hand to her aghast mouth as my flowergirl bellows out her delicious agony.

In the big bathroom stall I come on my hand and lick my fingers clean. I pull down my dress, smoothing it at the mirror behind the sink. My cheeks are flushed and pretty. I pick up my pocketbook, again counting out my wrinkly bills, making sure I have enough to buy a bouquet. I'm heading towards the elevators, crossing the street on my lunch break, on my way to the flower shop.



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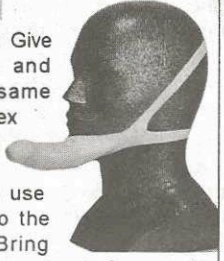

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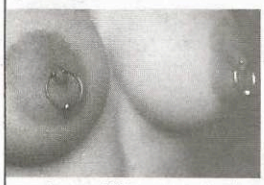

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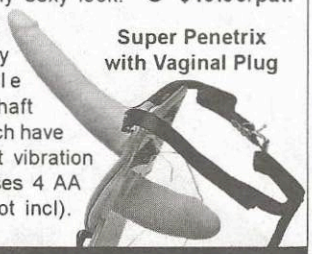

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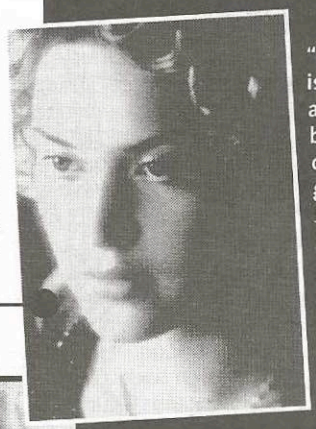
"I would much rather have the children of the United States know about oral sex than listen to Oral Roberts."
author Gore Vidal

"The gay community is very important. If we could all celebrate our sexuality with as much confidence as the gay community, we would be a much healthier community."
New Zealand Prime Minister Jenny Shipley

Being a film star seems to me not to be about whether you are a good actor, but about the size of your breasts, the size of your body, whether you've had a facelift or a nose job. None of that stuff interests me."
actress Kate Winslet



"[I feel most powerful sexually] when we're playing burglar and victim, and I'm the burglar."
Pamela Anderson in Playboy

"I'm interested in the marginal people. There's nothing more boring than the typical idea of beauty."
photographer David LaChapelle in the Advocate

"There was a rumor that I used to be male and had a sex change. That is not a bad rumor."
musician Annie Lennox

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Dr. Dennis Jarrard in The American Family Association Journal

"[The locker room] just isn't a normal place for a young girl...The biggest threats to girls of her age are the other girls on the tour."
Samantha Stevenson, mother of teenage professional tennis star Amanda Stevenson

"As nicely as they could, the Conan O'Brien people said, 'You can't be a homosexual on our show, because we're trying to appeal to a Middle American audience.' "
author and radio commentator Dave Sedaris in UNO MAS

"A Woman President: No Way!"
Indonesian newspaper headline

"I don't know where a woman's place is. I know where their places aren't, and their places aren't on the golf course, in the bowling alley, in the living room."
Jimmy Kimmel of "The Man Show," in Playboy

"Keep your [sex] toy where it belongs, in a drawer of your bedside table; use it only when you're alone or when you're with the man you desire." *advice columnist Irma Kurtz in* Cosmopolitan, *responding to a woman who wore vibrator panties in public*

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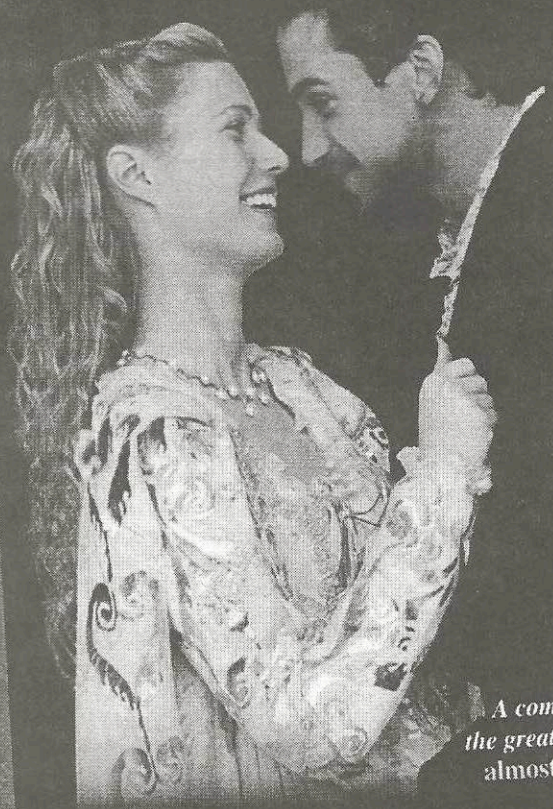

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continued from page 29

COCKSUCKING

comfortable ones, that I can turn up while it's in my harness. I wear long jockey shorts under my harness so my hair doesn't get caught in it.

AB: I always dress male and I pack often. Chaps are one of my favorite items of clothing. For daily packing I have a custom-made soft dick that is comfortable and realistic looking, but not very functional. I wear it in a jockstrap. If I am going out looking for a cocksucker I wear my Jelly Boy. It's clear rubber, comfortable to pack, and a good size to wrap a mouth around.

Meredith: I pack usually when I have a sex or play date, or when I'm on the hunt. I like to wear leather pants or ripped jeans. My favorite packing dick is a homemade condom-and-hair-gel package with big balls. I wear a black or orange jockstrap, or sometimes tight Hanes underwear. My favorite cocksucking dick is a Peter North vibrating and squirting cock, nine inches long.

NG: When I'm packing, I don't feel any different than usual, except it's erotic because I only do it when I'm expecting to do something sexual. When I'm in butch drag, I start to feel really intimidating. I wear black paratrooper pants, a big leather belt, and a black leather cap. I want people to know I'm a top.

Cal: I usually pack either in a suit or in leathers. In a suit I am more nervous, trying to be smooth. In leathers it's just sex.

Gretchen: Someone told me they thought packing was empowering. I think it's campy. Sometimes I pull butch attitude and sometimes I go nelly and flame around. I wear jeans, boxers, sometimes suits. Packing in miniskirt could be cool, but I hate skirts. I like to use my bright, sparkly, purple dick. I'm not really into penile dildos, although I think the goddess-shaped ones are ludicrous.

Q: How do you like to have your cock sucked? If you're into SM, how do you relate cocksucking to it?

Alix: I like to be worshipped by a skilled, competent cocksucker. I'm not into them being timid.

Meredith: I like it vigorous, having my cock pushed into my clit, deep throating if they can.

NG: I like to fuck their throat. I like them to swallow the whole thing. Kneeling is a visual turn-on, but in terms of a good fuck, I usually have the person's mouth and throat lined up for depth purposes. I lie someone down on the bed and tilt their head back. But no matter what I do, my cock has no feeling in it, so things that feel really good to boys don't do anything for me. I just want to grab their ears and ram. I don't want them to have too much control. A good way to do this is to have their hands cuffed. Fucking someone's mouth is definitely SM because I'm doing it purely for my own gratification.

Q: Tell us about coming while having your cock sucked:

Alix: It's a total, whole body ejaculation down someone's throat. I've had partners feel it. Pressure on my cunt certainly feels good, but I believe that good cock worship is cerebral. It's definitely different from coming while fucking.

Aussie Boy: A cocksucking orgasm is not unlike my other orgasms, but in a way, it's better because it really blows my mind, too. I come as a direct result of having my dick sucked. When I wear a dick, it becomes a part of my body.

NG: My orgasms usually come from between my ears. I usually have to have my hips moving at some time. The visual/mental image causes my orgasms while having my cock sucked, along with me moving. But getting my cock sucked is not the most intense kind of orgasm. I like to do it early on, because it really turns me on. It's also not as debilitating as coming while fucking.

Cal: If my dick's being jacked off good while being sucked, I come from direct clit stimulation, but the feeling is really different. It builds differently and the come is external.

Q: Hottest cocksucking experience?

Alix: Someone was three or four inches away from my crotch. I wasn't wearing a dick, but I could feel my cock and the orgasm just blew our heads. It was exquisite, slow, pleasurable torture. We couldn't believe what had happened. I felt recognized. My dick was recognized.

Sally: We were both packing, this fag-dyke-boy I had a date with and I, and he had a very big dick. I wanted to show him off in the Castro, so we cruised the video stores, looking at the boy pornos. All of the gay boys really didn't know what to think. Everyone did double takes, triple takes. It was really fun. I kept warning her not to go off with any of them and then I took her home and punished her because she did want to go off with all of those boys. Of course she had to suck me off, before, during and after which I punished her.

Cal: On my first date with two femme tops and a daddy, after I had been stripped, beaten, and teased, this woman took me downstairs and the daddy ordered me to fuck her. After that I was lying back, she got on top of me, touched me everywhere, took my dick, stroked it and started sucking it. I was so hard and horny from fucking her and being topped all night. She slipped her fingers inside me and fucked me and sucked me and I came hard again and again, shooting cum down her entire fucking arm.

continued from page 32

WHAT THEY DO

a furious arousal. I started to grind my hips around on the seat.

"'I love you,' he would say, and 'Baby, baby,' and 'Oh, Sofie, I love you,'" Yvonne murmured. "And then he'd put his hand under here like this." Her hand went to my leg, up my skirt.

"That's polluted," I said, suddenly and genuinely terrified. "Stop!"

"Yeah, but that's what the *gaje* guy does on a date, he puts his hand up there to your...parts," Yvonne explained. Her hands rested on my skirt. "People can find out when a boy does that," she said, musing slowly. "The girl can get pregnant. But if I...no one has to know except us."

No one has to know except us. I would clean the parts extra special. Yvonne would clean her hands. No one else would know and make us *marime.*

I didn't say anything. Yvonne's hand went tentatively to my knee. I looked out the window—our parents might be mad if we came in late, they might even think we'd been with boys!—and I closed my eyes. "Yes," I breathed softly.

She heard. Her hand went slowly up between my legs. I felt a curious pinched, even painful tension in my woman's parts, and my hips started to move as her fingers touched the most forbidden place, and I let out a little cry of frightened joy as my breathing sped up and a wondrous shiver of purest pleasure shook me from the scalp of my head down to the bottoms of my feet.

A single tear ran down my cheek afterward. I brushed it away. I drove myself home.

When Yvonne's hands touched the wheel, I thought: *Oh no, it is marime.*

It wasn't too long after that, at a big Rom get-together, that I found out what lesbians do. Maria Yonko knew. She was a real smart girl, especially in the ways of the *gaje.* None of the *gaje* knew her true ethnicity; since her name was Maria, she always told them she was Mexican.

All us girls were together in the den, away from the adults and the boys, when Maria told us, "They—the lesbians—do it with their fingers. Put their hands into the woman's polluted place."

A collective gasp went around the room. I gasped with everyone else but looked down at the floor. My face went dreadfully hot. Yvonne was sitting on the floor right next to me.

"Terrible," Yvonne murmured.

My heart skipped a beat. *No one needs to know.* I would never be *marime,* I told myself.

"Lesbians," Yvonne said slowly, in a voice filled with horror. "Those awful women," she added as she squeezed my hand.

I squeezed back.

Rachel Heath has been published in *A Movement of Eros: 25 Years of Lesbian Erotica, On Our Backs, The Spanke Shoppe, Stand Corrected Jr.,* and *Bad Attitude.* She enjoys lying in bed while listening to the radio and reading—among other things.

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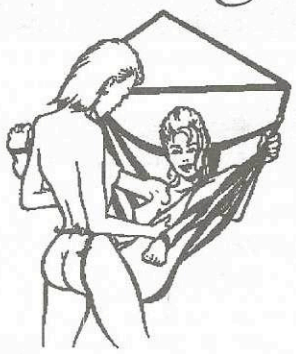

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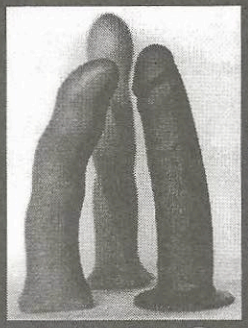

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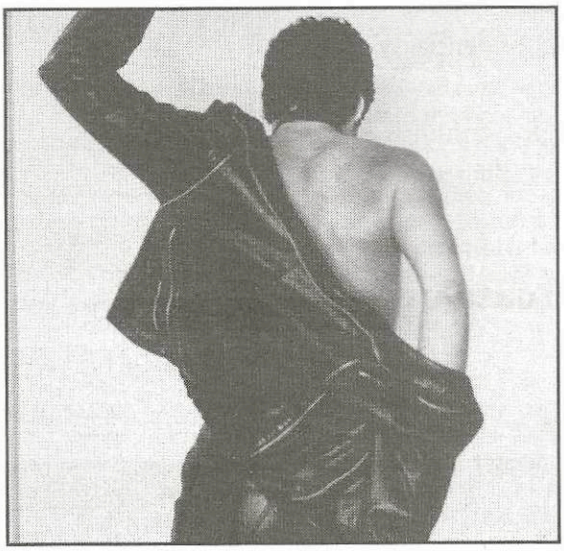

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THE ULTIMATE SURRENDER Strong willed, attractive, take-charge woman, 41, seeking "pretty young thing" to share in self created, alternative reality!! Race and religion are unimportant. Femmes and baby dykes are welcome: experienced and novices alike. Interested young ladies should have a sincere desire to be posessed, to the very fiber of their being(s), in addition to being compliant, trainable, eager to please, and devoted. Responses & photos can be sent to: L.L.B. c/o OOB Personals *Box 1*, 3415 César Chavez, SF, CA 94110.

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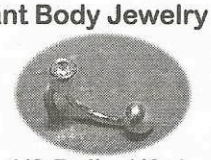
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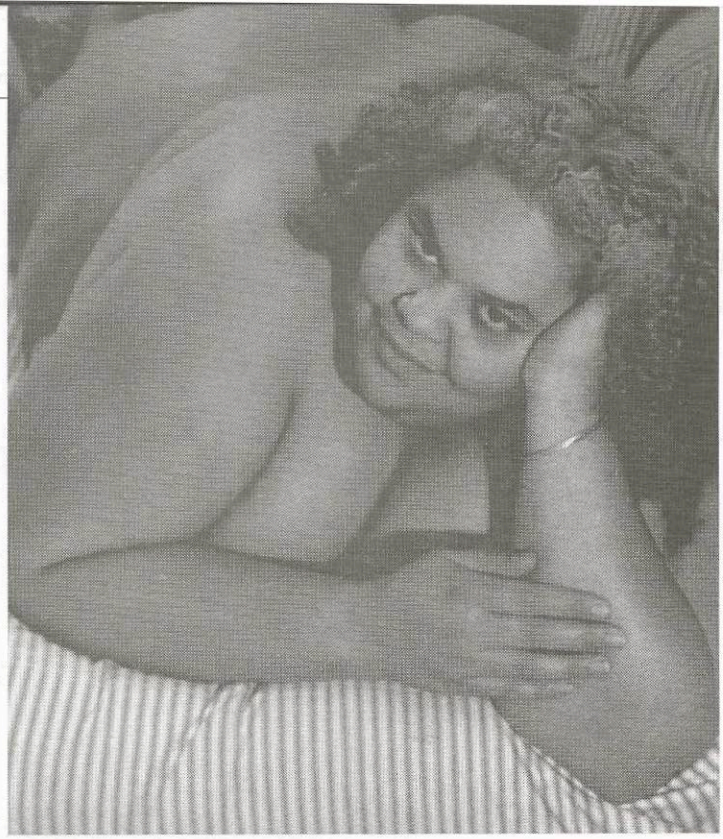

Photo courtesy *Women En Large*, www.candydarling.com/lte

1 Never Self-Deprecate.
Do not make excuses for your body weight or size. It shows you fear those comments and gives them undue power. Do not laugh at jokes that disrespect large people. Pythagoras said, "Let no man entice thee to say or do whatever is not profitable for thyself."

2 Use Fat-Positive Language.
We need to learn fat-positive language because we have learned fat-negative language our whole lives. Think of words to describe how sexy you are, like Rubenesque, voluptuous, succulent, ravishing, goddess-like. Fat people need to use words as well as body language to assert their sexual identity.

3 Pamper Yourself.
Make dates with yourself. Buy nice oils and massage your own legs or thighs or butt or arms or chest. Buy bath salts and sensual clothing. Do yoga. Get up a half hour early for work and drink tea and read. Meditate. Light candles and listen to music. Go for a walk and pick flowers. Slow down and treat your body and mind like royalty.

4 Learn to Be Erotic for Yourself First.
It is essential that you get a handle on your own sexuality before you go out looking for sexual partners. Dance erotically, solo. Seduce yourself. Collect pictures of people you find sexy and figure out why you find them sexy. Make an altar to your sexual energy/body parts. I used to make slips of paper with sexual things I could do with myself, put them in a box and draw one. Become friends and lovers with your own body.

5 Find or Create "Fat-Friendly" Environments.
Groups I have found to be fat–positive include pagans, the SM community, and others (Wagnerian Opera circles, for example). Alternatively, my friends and I started a group called the 201 Club last October. You must be a woman who weighs more than 200 pounds to be in. If you weigh slightly under 200 pounds, you may wear heavy jewelry. We have had clothing exchanges and a dessert-a-thon, and we talk about sex and lovers and food and life.

6 Surround Yourself With Fat-Positive Imagery.
Whenever I see anything that looks like my body, I grab a copy for my altar. I have pictures from *Women En Large*, a fabulous book of lots of different types of fat women, naked and erotic. I get old issues of *National Geographic* and cut out pictures of large international women. I hang Annie Sprinkle postcards on my wall because her breasts are big and they hang—instead of having that duct-taped and gravity-defying look. Collect art objects too; I have seen Venus of Willendorf beeswax candles and fat-women candle holders.

7 Use Intrigue and Mystery.
Do unusual things to set yourself apart from the crowd. Exploit your talents and wear them on your sleeve! I knew a woman who was fat, yet exuded sexuality. Did I study her! She wore sexy clothes in exotic cuts and fabrics and suggestive jewelry that dangled into her cleavage. She always smelled intriguing, with earthy, sensual scents. I was astounded at her sexual confidence. I suggest we become more visible as fat lovers, accentuating our features, tastes, and talents, rather than hiding them.

8 Revere Your Belly at All Times.
Even people who aren't fat are freaked out about their bellies. Why is that? I don't know, but I do know that I have met few lovers who were completely at home with their naked belly. So, I recommend belly adoration for all. I adorn my belly with watercolors or face paints, and massage it with sweet-smelling oils. I wear temporary tattoos and body glitter. You never know what is going on with my belly underneath my clothes! Your lover probably could use some belly adoring also. Break the belly taboo. Touch a belly today!

Some Flirty Fat Resources:
Web sites:
www.fatso.com
They are wild! They suggest using fat in sentences like, "You're looking good. Are you getting fat?" or "Gee, I wish I could be fat like her."

Ann Simonton's Media Watch site, **www.mediawatch.com**
This site is dedicated to protesting weight slavery in the media and promotes beauty diversity.

Decent Exposures, **www.decentexposures.com**
They custom-make velour and cotton bras and underwear. Many large women highly recommend this brand.

Other Resources
Radiance Magazine, P.O. Box 31703, Oakland, CA 94604, 415-465-5246
A good, fat-positive alternative to fat glamour magazines such as *Mode* and *BBW*, which serve a purpose but are not as political.

You can get leatherwear in large sizes for women at Venus (in Seattle, 1017 E. Pike St., downstairs, 206-322-5539).

Jane Iris, P.O. Box 608, Graton, CA 95444, has goddess jewelry, lesbian embrace pieces, and yoni images. Another good resource for erotic jewelry with fat women imagery is Pleiades Jewelry, 415-245-9484. Their Sheela-Na-Gig pendant is divine!

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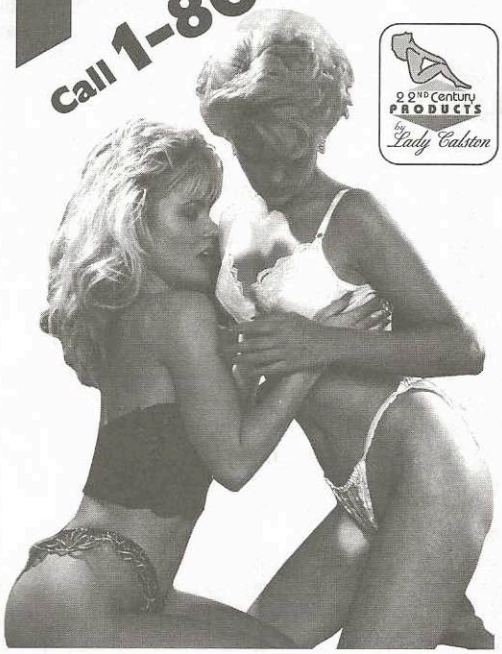

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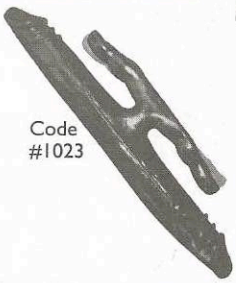

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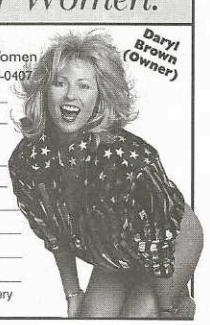

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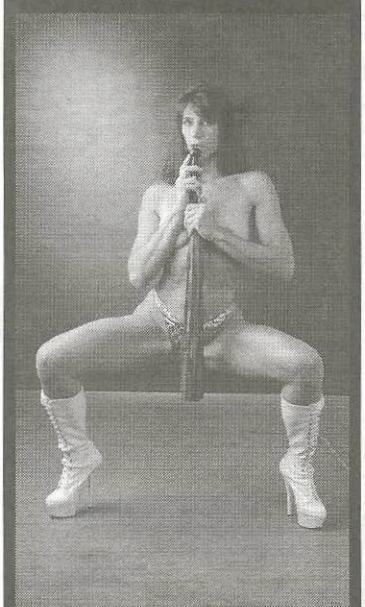
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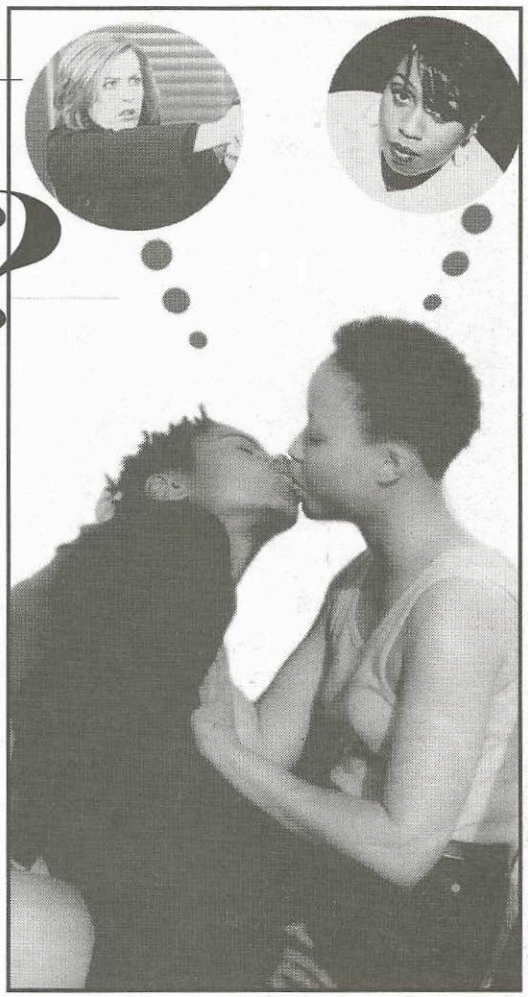
Which Celebrity Would You Bang?

Compiled by Lindsay McClune



MICHELE SERCHUK

My girlfriend in college had this big thing for Joan Jett. She had all these old pictures of her hanging in her room. But I never gave Jett much thought myself until I saw her perform last fall. She had short blond hair and wore a skin-tight black latex outfit with pants that kept coming unzipped. All the men were drooling, but during the whole show she kept flirting with the women. I don't know if it helped or not that my girlfriend at the time sort of looked like Joan Jett too, but wow, did we have hot sex that night when we got home! *Julie*

I would like to bang Queen Latifah or Tracy Chapman. When these women sing they have such expressive looks on their faces that I just imagine that is what they look like when they are having an orgasm. *Chin*

I dream of doing (retired) Hong Kong film actress Brigitte Lin. She's famous for playing genderbent roles, and in drag, she didn't look so much like a man as a boyish, androgynous dyke. Yum! Plus she has this fantastic glower that makes me gummy between my legs. *Dee*

The celeb that I would just have to do is Gillian Anderson. Not only is she an absolute babe with that great figure and gorgeous red hair, but she's also a very strong woman (wink, wink). She is a great role model for dykes everywhere, because her character holds her own in a "man's world," and has still managed not to sleep with the man she spends most of her days with. On top of that she's got a belly ring! Woo hoo! *Lyssa*

This question's been easy to answer ever since I saw *The Matrix*. Carrie-Anne Moss. She plays a computer geek who spends all of her cyber-time dressed in leather and latex, carrying high caliber weapons set permanently on full auto. Of course, my evil mind came up with at least five or six other applications for a woman who can run up walls and operate her toys while doing one-handed cartwheels. *Evil Felix*

My pick: Missy Giove, world champion mountain biker. Anyone who would break her bones to win a race would fuck like a dream. She started out as a bike messenger in New York—you don't get any more hard-core than that. Besides the fact that all that exercise would giver her stamina, she's cute. She could ride me harder than her bicycle. *Jaeline*

A little over 20 years ago I fell in love with Donna Summer when she came out with her song "Love to Love You," with all those "I'm getting fucked" sounds. I can just imagine myself pouring oil over her naked body and then laying down on top of her, pushing my cunt up against her cunt, my breasts against hers. Then as I kiss and lick and suck on her neck and tits, she wraps her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist, and in her deep, husky voice she whispers, "Oh yeah, fuck me baby, fuck me, make me come." And then she makes all those sounds that she made in her song. *Harriet*

I'd love to dive headfirst into Gina Gershon's pussy and savor her lush things. Then I'd introduce her to the sexsations of my fist (fully lubed) in her cunt. Maybe we'd take turns role-playing damsel-in-distress or handywoman ex-con turned plumber. Yeah! She can check under my hood anytime. Bang me, baby. Bang me! *Ecentrica*

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